

Clear Horizons

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

CONTENTS

	Page
The Man with a Good Face	Frank Luther Mott 1
War on the Deeper Levels	Glenn Clark 10
The Strange New World Within the Bible	Karl Barth 19
Begin with the Kingdom	E. Stanley Jones 27
Earthly Life Transformed into Heavenly....	Frank Laubach 33
Fundamentals of Prayer	Gerald Heard 37
A Man Who Took God's Promises Literally	Andrew Murray 43
That Which Concerneth Me	Walter Lanyon 48
The New Life	53
The Prayer Tower	57
I've Enlisted for the Duration	Starr Daily 59
A Prayer for 1942	David Lawrence 61
A God-Guided Business	Mary B. Merritt 63

Poems by C. K. Brady, Elsie Mackay, Mabel O. Swain,
Beverley Githens, Mabel C. Garrett, Esther Harding
and Ethel Davidson.



Clear Horizons

VOL. 3, NO. 2

OCTOBER, 1942

The summer is past, and the year's work is beginning again after vacations and the general let-up of the hot days is over. In this, the October number of CLEAR HORIZONS, we are offering you strong meat, to fit you to enter the world of today with poise and calm, and the inner peace that comes from *knowing* that God is omnipotent, and that this is His world.

Never has there been more need for Christian people to realize the reality of the truths that Jesus taught His disciples. To experience the reality of these truths means to *live* them, to make them a part of the every day life of us all. Words mean nothing, but the certainty of the presence of the Living God with us is vital, whether we are in our homes, in the office, in a camp, or on the sea, or in the air.

That, then, is the purpose of this number of CLEAR HORIZONS. The editors hope some page, even one thought, may strengthen each reader's consciousness of the presence of the Spirit of peace and love, of healing and protection, so that an inner security and poise will develop in all who read these pages.

CLEAR HORIZONS

A Quarterly of Creative Spiritual Living

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OCTOBER, 1942

Clear Horizons

An Adventure in Solving Problems in a Heavenly Way

Third Year

Volume 3, No. 2

¶ How the search for a face led
to the finding of a soul.

The Man With the Good Face

Frank Luther Mott

A SUBWAY express train roared into the Fourteenth Street Station and came to a full stop, and the doors slid open. It was just at the lull of traffic before the rush of the late afternoon, and the cars were only comfortably filled. As the train stopped, a small, unobtrusive man, sitting near one end of the third car, quickly rose from his seat on the side of the car facing the station platform, and peered through the opposite windows. All the way up from Wall Street this little man had sat quietly observing through his deepset gray eyes every man or woman who had entered or left the car. His figure was slight, and the office pallor that overspread his serious face seemed to give to his eyes a singu-

lar intensity of gaze. Now he peered intently out at the people on the Fourteenth Street platform.

Suddenly his eyes dilated; he leaned toward the window, and raised both hands as if to shade his eyes. Then he turned and ran toward the door, which was sliding shut. The little man's face was white as chalk; his eyes were round and blazing with excitement. Against the protests of the guard, he squeezed through the door and made his escape just as the train was beginning to move. Heedless of the commotion he caused, the man dodged wildly across the platform toward a local which stood there, gongs ringing and doors closing. For all his haste, the little man was too late to enter. He pounded on the glass

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of one of the closed doors imperiously.

"Next train," said the guard shortly.

"Let me on!" demanded the little man, waving his arms wildly.

"Let me on! You have time."

"Next train," repeated the guard.

The train began to move swiftly. The little man ran alongside, peering in through the windows at something or somebody inside.

"Look out!" called the guard, watching him.

Oblivious to the interest of the spectators, oblivious to all the hurrying and running and crowding as other trains roared into the underground station, the little man leaned limply against a pillar.

"He's gone!" he muttered to himself. "He's gone!"

For upward of twenty years Mr. James Neal had been a clerk in the offices of Fields, Jones & Houseman on Lower Broadway. Every day of these twenty-odd years, if we except Sundays and holidays, Mr. Neal had spent an hour and a half on Subway trains. He never confessed to any one that he held the Subway as the sign and symbol of the rut into which his life had grown.

Perhaps the pallid little clerk with the large gray eyes would have become very lonesome if he had not eventually found a real

interest in life. This, then, was the manner and substance of his finding. He got to studying faces. At first he did it unconsciously, and he had probably been analyzing features idly for years before he discovered and fully realized how extremely interesting this occupation was becoming. One half-holiday he went up to the Library and read a book on physiognomy, and after that he laid out his course of study carefully, classifying and laying away in his memory the various types of faces that he saw. Every morning and every evening he worked in his laboratory—the Subway trains.

He never had to stand up in the cars, for he boarded them, whether at one end of his trip or the other, before they were crowded; but as soon as crowds began to fill up the aisles he always gave up his seat. This naturally gained him repeated credit for courtesy, but the real reason for his apparent gallantry was that he could not see people's faces when he was sitting while others stood in the aisles. But when he hung to a strap and looked at the window in front of him, the blackness outside combined with the bright light of the car to make the glass of the window an excellent mirror to reflect the faces of those who stood near him.

But the most interesting set of categories according to which he

filed away the various faces he saw was that of their ruling passions. There was the scholar, the sport, the miser, the courtesan, the little shopkeeper, the clerk, the housewife, the artist, the brute, the hypocrite, the clergyman, the barhound, the gambler. Sometimes he looked into faces loosened by liquor and saw such a foulness looking out at him that he was heartsick. Every face was stamped with the little passion peculiar to it—the mark of its peculiar spirit. The mouths, especially, betrayed the souls within.

"I'm sorry I've learned it," breathed Mr. Neal one day. "Now I must always look into a man's soul when I look into his face."

It was true. Men who could hide secret sins from bosom friends—even from their wives—were defenseless against this little clerk hanging to a strap—this man with the serious pale face and the large gray eyes who had learned by years of systematic observation to pierce every barrier of reserve.

His study and classification went on for several years before it occurred to him that there was one kind of face that he never saw—one type that he never found in all the Manhattan crowds. When he had first discovered that this face was missing he had called it "the good face;" and though he realized the insufficiency of this

designation he could not think of a better, and the term stuck.

The face he never saw became an obsession with Mr. Neal. He hunted for it in various parts of the city. He came to have an inexpressible hunger for the sight of spiritual quality lighting the faces of the people of the Subway crowds. He searched for simplicity, for transparent truth, for depth of spirituality, for meek strength and gentle power. But simplicity in the Subway? Guileless transparency of any sort? Spirituality? Mockery!

The time came when Mr. Neal could not sleep of nights for the evil faces that leered at him from every side out of the darkness. It was only when he slept that he could see, in his dreams, the "good face." Finally, he was driven to make a resolution. He would consciously seek for the good faces; the evil ones he would pass over quickly. Thenceforward he was happier. As his train roared through the tunnels of night under New York, his eyes dwelt most upon the faces that were marked, however, lightly, with the qualities that reached their united culmination in the "good face." He found his old faith in the perfectibility of man renewed.

So months went on, and joined together into years.

Then, one day in the Subway, with his eyes full open, James

Neal suddenly saw the Face! He had been going home from work in the evening quite as usual. The express train on which he was riding was about to leave Fourteenth Street Station when a tall man who was about to enter the local train standing at the other side of the station platform turned and looked directly at him. Mr. Neal's heart almost stopped beating. His eyes were blinded, and yet he saw the Face so distinctly that he could never forget it. It was just as he had known it would be, and yet gentler and stronger. A moment Mr. Neal stood spell-bound. The door of his own car was sliding shut; he leaped toward it, and, as we have already seen, squeezed through and ran toward the other train. Though he was too late to get in, still he could see the Face within the moving car.

The next morning Mr. Neal entered upon a new life. He had seen the Face; it had not been a dream after all. He felt young again. Even the roar of the Subway did not pull his spirits down, and when he briskly entered the office of Fields, Jones & Houseman, the old-fashioned high desks and stools and all the worn, dingy furniture of the room seemed to the little clerk with the shining face to be strangely new. The chief clerk, sitting at a dusty old roll-up desk in the corner, looked

up at Mr. Neal sharply as he entered. The chief clerk always looked up sharply.

"Morning!" he said briefly, and dived down again into his work, with his shoulders humped.

But Mr. Neal was more expansive.

"Good morning!" he called, so cheerily that the whole office felt the effect of his good humor.

For a long time Mr. Neal lived in the daily hope of seeing the Face again. But as the weeks and months passed the Face did not reappear.

Until one Saturday half-holiday in December. This is the way it happened.

Mr. Neal employed this particular half-holiday at Columbus Park. On this Saturday he found Columbus Park less populous than it had been on his last visit a month before, for many of its habitues had sought warmer climes. The weather was seasonably cold, and Mr. Neal felt really sorry for some of the old, broken-down men and women he saw.

Toward the end of the short December afternoon, he found an old man, shaking with the cold, huddled up on one of the benches of the park. The haggard, unshaven face told the usual story of the derelict, but something in the face—perhaps the abject fear that glowered in the eyes—sounded before he knew it the depths of

pity in the little clerk's heart. Mr. Neal tried to talk to him, but there was no ready beggar's tale to be poured into the ears of benevolence; there was only fear of the cold, and of misery, and of death. Yielding suddenly to an impulse so strong that it bore down all thoughts of prudence, Mr. Neal slipped out of his own overcoat and put it about the man's threadbare shoulders, and then hurried off toward the Worth Street Station of the Subway.

The wintry breeze chilled him as he hastened along, a slight figure in a worn business suit, leaning against the wind, but his heart was warm and light within him. Down he hurried into the Subway station. The train was thundering in, crammed to the doors, for it was the rush hour and even down here the trains were crowded. Mr. Neal edged into the nearest door and then squirmed over to a place against the opposite door in the vestibule, where he could see people as they came out.

As the train was slowing down for Astor Place Station an express train passed it, speeding for Fourteenth Street. Mr. Neal turned with an effort (for he was wedged in tightly) and looked through the glass door at the brightly lighted cars as they passed his own train. The express was crowded too, with people standing in the aisles, hanging to straps. The faces were

very clearly distinguishable in the bright light; and Mr. Neal, strangely excited at this rapid panorama of faces, saw each one distinctly. Suddenly he leaned forward, close to the glass. He saw it! The Face! It was there! But it was gone in a moment. It had been like a flash in the dark tunnel. His own train had come to a jarring stop, and the express was only thunder in the distance.

Now the clerk had no eyes for the occupants of his car. His face was pressed against the glass door. He saw, out there in the darkness, that serenely beautiful Face, beatific, transcendent. And even as he looked he saw again the rear lights of the express. They were going to overtake it—to pass it again! It had been halted by the block signals of the train ahead, perhaps; at any rate, it was now moving very slowly. As the local shot by, the panorama of faces was unfolded much more rapidly than it had been before, but Mr. Neal caught a glimpse of the Face once more. It looked directly at him, as it had before, and he thought it smiled upon him a little.

The little clerk was greatly excited. As soon as the local had come to a stop at the Fourteenth Street Station and the doors had been opened, he darted out and hurried to the other side of the platform. The gong had begun to ring again when he caught sight

of a tall figure mounting a short flight of stairs toward the upper platform, and he immediately knew that there was the man he sought. The Face was turned away, but he thought he could not be mistaken. He rushed toward the stairway, bumping into others so many times in his haste that he really made little speed. When he reached the top of the stairs he looked about. For one heartsick moment he thought he had lost the man after all. Then, away across the station, near one of the exits, he saw the tall figure again. The man was leaving the station, and as he passed out, for a moment he turned his Face toward the crowd within; and Mr. Neal knew then that he had not been mistaken.

To the little clerk it seemed an age before he could reach the exit through which the tall figure had passed. He ran around people and dodged and ducked, oblivious of the curious watching of the crowd. At last he gained the exit. The tall man was nowhere to be seen.

As he stood for a moment on the curb before crossing Lexington Avenue, halted by a long string of passing automobiles, he thought he saw the tall man at about the middle of the next block. Taking his life in his hands, he scurried across the street, dodging in and out among the vehicles with curses of drivers in his ears. But he got

across safely, and now he was certain that he had been right; there was the tall figure he could not mistake. Now he gained on the man, who turned south into Third Avenue. As Mr. Neal breathlessly turned the corner he saw the tall man mounting the stoop of a shabby four-story apartment house a little way down the street. About to enter, he turned his Face toward the running clerk, and even by the dim light at the entrance to the dingy house, Mr. Neal could see how ineffably spiritual and strong the Face was. Joy filled the little clerk's heart so full that tears came to his eyes. At last he was to meet the man with the "good face"—after so long! He managed to find breath to call out.

"I say!" he shouted.

But he was too late, for the door had closed almost before the words left his mouth.

Leaping up the steps, he found that the door was not locked, and he entered a dark hallway. He heard a step on the landing above, and called out again, but there was no answer. He hurried up the creaking stairs, but he was just in time to see the first door on his left closed silently but firmly.

Mr. Neal hesitated. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead. Then he rang the bell.

The hallway was dimly lighted with one small gas jet over against the discolored wall. Mr. Neal

waited. Presently he heard footsteps. Then the door was opened and a flood of warm light poured into the dim little hall. A short, white-bearded old man stood in the doorway. He seemed the very personification of serene happiness, and over his shoulder peered an old lady whose face was lighted by the same kindly joy. There was an atmosphere of quiet goodness about them both; it flooded out into the hallway as sensibly as the glow of light itself. The old couple looked questioningly at Mr. Neal. The little clerk was somewhat embarrassed.

"I—I wanted to see the gentleman who just came in here," he said.

The white-bearded old man seemed surprised.

"Why, nobody has come in here," he said in a gentle voice. "Not since I came home over an hour ago."

"Oh, the tall man, with— with—"

"But nobody has come in, Sir," reiterated the old man.

"Just now, you know," insisted Mr. Neal. "A tall man—"

"Nobody is here, Sir, but us. But if I can do anything for you, I'd be glad to."

Mr. Neal saw that the old gentleman thought he was dealing with a demented man; he saw too that the denial was an honest one.

"Thank you," said Mr. Neal. "No. I must be going. I am very sorry I troubled you."

The old man bade him a cheery good night, but he looked after Mr. Neal in solicitude as the clerk went slowly down the steps.

Heartbreaking though his disappointment was, Mr. Neal was not embittered.—There was one thing that he knew now beyond all cavil or doubt: he knew that he should find the man with the good face. He knew that he should eventually meet him somewhere, sometime, and come to know him.

"It will be soon," he would say to himself. "I know it will be soon."

Mr. Neal at last formed the acquaintance of the members of the family with whom he had lodged so long. There were three children, two of them pictures of health, but the third thin and pale and unable to romp about because of a twisted leg.

Mr. Neal became a veritable member of the household, and when he discovered from a chance remark of the father that they were saving money penny by penny to buy a brace for the crooked leg, he insisted on "loaning" the money to make up the balance still lacking.

"Funny thing," commented the teamster one evening. "We used to think you wasn't human exactly." He laughed heartily.

"Gotta get acquainted with a guy, ain't you?"

Then his wife, a thin, washed-out little woman, embarrassed the little clerk greatly by saying gravely, "Mr. Neal, you're a good man."

Her eyes were on the little cripple.

In the same vein was the comment of the office force at Fields, Jones & Houseman's on the occasion of Arnold's injury in the elevator accident, when Mr. Neal took up a collection for the injured man, heading the subscription himself.

"Funny thing," exclaimed the chief clerk to a stenographer as they were leaving the office that afternoon. "Funny thing: when I first came here James Neal was close as a clam; never a word out of him. Paid no attention to anybody; all gloom. Now look at him helping everybody! Best old scout in the office!"

As he nodded his head in emphasis, his eyeglasses trembled on his nose—but they stuck.

"I've not got a better friend in the whole town than James Neal, and I know it," he added, "and I guess that's true of everybody in the office!"

It was true that Mr. Neal and the chief clerk had become fast friends. They had come to spend their Sundays together, and even to share confidences, and so it

was natural that Mr. Neal should be moved to tell his friend about his search for the Face. This telling of his secret was epochal in Mr. Neal's life.

"John," said Mr. Neal, "I know that I am going to find him very soon. I know it."

"How do you know it?" asked the chief clerk. "Something—well—psychic?"

"Oh, no. It's not mysterious. It's just a—a certainty, John. I know I shall find him very, very soon."

"Well, you know—" and the chief clerk looked at Mr. Neal steadily, "you know that I—I should like to know him, too."

It was about one o'clock of the next day that the accident occurred of which James Neal was the victim. He had been trying to cross the street in defiance of traffic regulations, and had been struck by a heavily loaded truck and knocked down, with some injury to his skull. He had been taken, unconscious, to St. Cecilia's Hospital.

Little work was done by the clerks of Fields, Jones & Houseman that afternoon. One of the clerks had seen the accident; indeed he had been talking to Mr. Neal just before the latter had rushed into the street. He had seen the little clerk suddenly raise his hand and point across the street.

"I see it! There he is!" Mr. Neal had said in a voice exultant with joy, and then he had dodged recklessly into the traffic.

At the hospital, a white-coated doctor, standing momentarily in a doorway of the ward in which Mr. James Neal lay, met a nurse coming out. The doctor's face was such a one as would have delighted Mr. Neal if he had been able to see it. It was a benevolent face. A profound knowledge of the problems of humanity had marked it with depth of understanding, and withal, a kindness and sympathy that made it worthy a second and a third glance in any company, however distinguished.

"How about the skull fracture?" asked the doctor in a low voice, as the nurse was passing out.

"He is dead," said the nurse.

"When?" asked the doctor.

"Just now. I just left him."

"There was no chance," said the doctor.

The nurse was about to pass on when the doctor detained her.

"That tall man," he said, "who was with him: where has he gone?"

The nurse looked at the doctor in surprise.

"There was no one with him but me," she said.

"Oh, yes," said the doctor. "I saw a man bending over the bed—a very tall man with a remarkable face. I wondered who he could be."

The nurse turned, and with the doctor looked over toward the bed where the body of James Neal lay.

"That is strange," said the nurse.

"I saw him there," said the doctor, "just as you were leaving the patient; now he is gone."

"Queer! I saw no one," said the nurse, and moved away to attend to other duties.

The doctor walked over to where the body of the little clerk lay.

"It is strange," he mused. "I surely saw him . . . the most beautiful face I ever saw."

Then he looked down at what had been James Neal.

"He was very fortunate," said the doctor in a low tone, "to die with a face like that looking into his."

There was a smile on the death-white lips of the little clerk.

SURRENDER TO CHRIST

As a wind blows through the pines,
So fill me, Christ my Lord,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Obedient to Thy word.

—C. K. Brady.

War on the Deeper Levels

Glenn Clark

THERE are forces at work in this war that few people are aware of. It has been one of the most illogical, uncertain, surprising, unpredictable wars in the history of the world. A great nation like France behind an impregnable Maginot line crumpled in a few weeks! A nation with almost no standing army like England, seemingly impregnable! Two nations, Germany and Russia, partners one day, enemies the next! A pact made at Munich one day, broken on the morrow! Japan negotiating for peace while her planes are speeding toward Pearl Harbor, and so on and on.

One reason for the confusion, for the illogical, unexpected moves in this war is that it is not a war that takes its rise in the conscious, practical, logical, objective thinking of the nations, but a war which takes its rise in the deep unconscious of the nations. It has leaped upon the world much as a Bengal tiger springs from a jungle.

The first World War was a superficial, surface, objective war compared to this one. It was like the scraping off of the surface dirt

from the great iron mines of Northern Minnesota in preparation for the gathering of the ore below. The locale of this war is down in the mine pits themselves.

The totalitarian powers have been most at home in this subconscious stratum. They have made the most total and therefore the most efficient use of this type of fighting. In the twenty years elapsing between the wars the deeper subconscious of the defeated nations was so exposed that it became infected by every germ of bitterness, hatred, resentment, humiliation and revenge. Shut off from direct, unhindered self-expression on the objective levels, these nations lived, moved and had their being in the subterranean caverns of dreams, desires and thwarted aspirations.

The victorious nations, soon settling back to pre-war prosperity, finding old sores healed and the hurt places covered, finally went back to their objective, concrete, external way of life. Unfortunately this was for the most part a superficial, pleasure-loving, selfish life. The defeated nations, on the other hand, continued to

seethe and boil in their submerged emotions and yearnings, growing stronger every day in their capacity to master and utilize the skills of psychic living. Consequently most of the events which their rebellions have caused were initiated on the subconscious rather than the conscious levels of thought and action.

The intuitive plans, plots and strokes of Hitler were more powerful than the calculated steps of Daladier and of Chamberlain because they take their inception at greater depths. MEIN KAMPF, startling in its audacity, revealing long in advance the entire program of Nazism, is a definite part of this scheme. For the most powerful technique of the subconscious level is to *see* a plan *complete*—not *think* it out complete—and once see this vision within the inner chamber, unless equally powerful spiritual or psychic forces are marshalled against it, it will come into manifestation in the outer realms of action.

The events that have happened since have defied all logic, for the subconscious is never logical. The subconscious is a wild animal. It strikes out wildly, and the more wild and unexpected its blows the more powerful it is. It is not logical for a sign painter, neurotic almost to the point of being psychopathic, to lead a whole nation

to victory after victory. It is not logical to make a scapegoat of a minority, such as the Jews, and declare that they deserve the blows which are really intended for the conquerors. The tendency to exercise one's anger upon innocent parties is exactly what the subconscious loves to do.

The subconscious pays no attention to honesty. It pays no attention to the practical, to common sense, to logic. Broken promises of Munich, surprise attacks at Pearl Harbor—those are some of the processes of the subconscious. The subconsciously controlled being is as unpredictable, unreasonable, as the tiger or cougar whose acts are controlled by instinct regardless of reason.

We must recognize that there is power which comes to those who work on the deep levels of the psychic plane, just as there is power in the instinctive fighting of wild animals; and the men who approximate the instinctive methods of wild animals in the ring, such as Joe Louis and Jack Dempsey, possess a power which the artificially educated men do not possess. A college trained man could not do what Hitler is doing. His conscious mind would be too disciplined, trained and controlled to accept the torrential uprushes of the deep unconscious self. The so-called "educated" man seeks rather for the well-ordered, care-

fully-worked-out, card-indexed plans handed down to him by scholarship, tradition, and practical so-called "common sense."

The power in Hitler is not only that he is a creature of his own subconscious but that he is the focal point through which the entire subconscious emotions of Germany flow. He definitely makes himself that. He cultivates it. To lose that contact for one hour would cripple all his capacities and effects and influences. A man of very mediocre abilities and of very unstable emotions—as long as he holds this door open to the subconscious of his race, and reflects it with fidelity, he is almost irresistible. His intuitive judgments, his timing of attacks, his programs and speeches may not be honest, may not be logical, may not seemingly "make sense," but they "hit the bull's eye." It is as though Germany were a great tiger panting through the jungle of this world with marvelous internal co-ordination, releasing its lethal energy upon its prey whenever its whole being hungers, and glorying in each attack. The subdivided and separate energies of other nations moving as millions of little separate units governed by separate plans and standards of logic, honesty and culture, are as feeble as insects before this monstrous coordination that opposes them.

Dr. Karl G. Jung, the great psy-

chiatrist, analyzes Hitler as follows:

"Hitler belongs in the category of the truly mystic medicine man. He is the mirror of every German's unconscious. He is the loud-speaker which magnifies the inaudible whispers of the German soul until they can be heard by the German's conscious ear. He is the first man to tell every German what he has been thinking and feeling all along in his unconscious about German fate, especially since the defeat in the World War, and the one characteristic which colors every German soul is the typically German inferiority complex, the complex of the younger brother, of the one who is always a bit late to the feast. Hitler's power is not political; it is *magic*."

"To understand magic you must understand what the unconscious is. It is that part of our mental constitution over which we have little control, and which is stored with all sorts of impressions and sensations, which contains thoughts and even conclusions of which we are not aware. Besides the conscious impressions which we receive, there are all sorts of impressions constantly impinging upon our sense organs of which we do not become aware because they are too slight to attract our conscious attention. They lie beneath the threshold of consciousness.

But all these subliminal impressions are recorded; nothing is lost. Someone may be speaking in a faintly audible voice in the next room while we are talking here. You pay no attention to it, but the conversation next door is being recorded in your unconscious as surely as though the latter were a dictaphone record.

"Now the secret of Hitler's power is not that Hitler has an unconscious more plentifully stored than yours or mine. Hitler's secret is twofold; first, that his unconscious has exceptional access to his consciousness, and second, that he allows himself to be moved by it. He is like a man who listens intently to a stream of suggestions in a whispered voice from a mysterious source and then *acts upon them*.

"In our case, even if occasionally our unconscious does reach us through dreams, we have too much rationality, too much cerebrum to obey it—but Hitler listens and obeys. The true leader is always *led*.

"We can see it work in him. He himself has referred to his Voice. His Voice is nothing other than his own unconscious, into which the German people have projected their own selves; that is, the unconscious of seventy-eight million Germans. That is what makes him powerful. Without the German people he would be nothing.

It is literally true when he says that whatever he is able to do is only because he has the German people behind him, or, as he sometimes says, because he *is* Germany. So with his unconscious being the receptacle of the souls of seventy-eight million Germans, he is powerful, and with his unconscious perception of the true balance of political forces at home and in the world, he has so far been infallible.

"That is why he makes political judgments which turn out to be right against the opinions of all his advisers and against the opinions of all foreign observers. When this happens it means only that the information gathered by his unconscious, and reaching his consciousness by means of his exceptional talent, has been more nearly correct than that of all others, German or foreign, who attempted to judge the situation and who reached conclusions different from his."

But the subconscious is fallible when it is limited to the nation or the group that shares in it and is not connected up with the super and celestial power of heaven. It secretes poison for its own destruction when this higher contact is lost even for a minute. Its vast power then becomes a boomerang. As long as Napoleon remained the expression of the long-bottled-up subconscious yearning of Europe

for the new democracy, as long as he acted as its agent and its servant, he was invincible, but when he let his personal self enter in, and made himself emperor and began to conquer and subjugate instead of set people free, the tides moved in the other way. The power of Adolf Hitler lies in his freedom from personal selfishness. He seeks the vindication and liberation, as he claims, of a downtrodden nation. He is the fanatical expression of the pent-up hatred of a race. One move toward personal selfishness on his part will bring his house of cards crashing down upon his head.

Mussolini is a channel for the subconscious of the Italian race but not so clear a channel because not so ascetic. He is clogged by family ties, sex ties, vanity ties which deflect him from being the perfect instrument of his nation that Hitler is.

But even though Hitler keeps his clarity as a channel for the subconscious of his race, there is one thing that can defeat him, and that would be for another nation or race to become energized with the same devotion, with the same sense of unity as Germany, but attached not to the subconscious alone but to the realm of the *Superconscious*. Such a race would release power before which the subconscious always retreats in dismay. Just as wild animals, such

as the lions in Nebuchadnezzar's jail, cowered before a truly spiritual being who was filled with courage, faith and love, so the power of Germany built on resentment against former humiliation, on hate, bitterness and national pride, will find itself powerless to meet a power growing out of unselfish love, purity, faith and a vision of a spiritual utopia for the whole world. If such a spirit could dominate the leaders of the allies and spread out to dominate the nations, the right kind of victory that would harm no one would come and come rapidly.

There are some who believe that the phenomenal surprise success of the Japanese at Pearl Harbor was due to concentrated black magic or hypnotism upon the United States leaders by the Buddhist cults of Japan. If that were the case—and stranger things than this have happened—there need be no fear that it can happen again, now that America is awake and alert. However, that which will make us completely impregnable against such attacks in the future is the fact that there are hundreds of people now at prayer. For the power of prayer is as far above the power of hypnotism as the power of light is above the power of darkness. Turn on Light and turn on Prayer and the shadows will instantly vanish away.

The black magic of Japan loses its hypnotic power the moment love is sent into the ether by spiritual men and women. Hitler's perfect timing of attack, his successful intuition will find itself anticipated and baffled by the spiritual inspiration of a nation that is devoted to God. The only discouraging thing in this present war is the slowness with which the allied nations as well as the rank and file of our countrymen catch this fundamental truth. We have been humiliated over and over again in this war by arriving "too late and with too little." Over and over again our planning has seemed weak and futile compared to the inspired planning of the enemy. That which would bring this war to an end quicker than anything else would be the recognition of what the true nature of the war is, and the recognition of the planes upon which it is being fought. The only way to counter the powerful attacks of the enemy that are initiated on these subconscious levels is to launch a movement on the Superconscious levels. This involves two things: full use of the power of prayer, and full use of the power of love.

Prayer is being used frantically by individuals everywhere, but love is generally discounted as though it were a negative force, whereas everyone knows deep in his heart that hate is the negative

and love is the positive power. Love is the light of which hate is the mere shadow. The power of the subconscious can be made to vanish as a shadow before the power of love, just as the fanatical loyalty of a race finds itself powerless against unselfish loyalty to a spiritual ideal.

The best example the world has ever witnessed of the potency of a leader who combined the full measure of Hitler's capacity to reflect the unconscious of his race and, in addition, reflect the Superconscious power of God was Moses. He, too, found a nation whose surface self had been rubbed raw by defeat, oppression and humiliation until the unconscious was laid bare to any one who could vibrate in perfect harmony with it. Probably no one in history expressed that complete oneness and self-abandon as perfectly as did that ancient seer who cried out, "Blot me from the book of thy Remembrance, O God, but spare my people." "As meek as Moses" has become a watchword.

But in addition to and above his harmonizing with the spirit of his race he kept himself in perfect harmony with the great Superconscious—the I Am That I Am of God. This is what made his people ultimately irresistible. He, too, was unselfish, had no personal addictions, no possessions, no pretenses.

Joan of Arc was another who possessed this remarkable bifocal adjustment—to the subconscious of her people and to the Super-conscious or God. Gideon was another, Deborah another. Lincoln's greatness lies in his being a greater mystic than any president we ever had. Besides being a clear expression of the unconscious of the "common people" of America, he also had a simple, secret, mystic contact with the Supreme Being.

The greatest leaders are those who serve as channels for the Destiny of God to manifest in the life and spirit of their nations. The power that could come to a unified nation led by a leader who is willing to give his very life for his people and at the same time who is utterly, completely surrendered to God would so surpass anyone's capacity to describe that I will not attempt it here. In ancient times the effect was best described on a spiritual plane by the account of Elisha telling his servant not to look at the armies marching. "Fear not; for they that are with us are more than they that are with them." And Elisha prayed and said, 'Jehovah, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see.' And Jehovah opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."

Gideon's defeat of the Midian-

ites and the vanishing of the army of Sennacherib before Jerusalem are other examples. In the last war the most vivid example was "the angel of Arras." In this war Dunkirk is our best example when all England prayed.

It would be well worth while to indicate some of the faucets through which this unexplainable, indescribable power works.

First, it uses Love as its greatest dynamic and never is Love more powerful than right in the midst of hate and fear. This spiritual approach simply absorbs these negatives, using them as mere fuel to serve its own high ends. Hate in this atmosphere is either transmuted into higher love or it becomes a boomerang back upon the haters; oppression in this atmosphere is turned back to oppress only the oppressors themselves; injustice swings back upon itself, and tyranny overtakes its own tyrants.

On the other hand all harmonizing elements in both parties grow in proportion and create grounds for peace and reconciliation, even while the war is on. Those who mourn shall be comforted, the meek shall inherit the earth, and those who forgive their enemies and become peacemakers shall be sons of God.

The reason why this paradoxical power is not experienced oftener in war is because very rarely do

the defeated nations practice the "love way" in dealing with their conquerors.

The simplest leverage of the spiritual approach is a complete about-face—turning the moving pictures in the opposite direction—to the "right" instead of to the "wrong." It is our attempts to take the place of the "Operator" and our ultra-slow, ultra-fast or "about face" turning of God's plans that cause all the trouble in the world. Give God complete control of the moving pictures. Gandhi's passive resistance—derived directly from Christ's teachings—is the best large scale example of applying this way of "soul-force" to overcome mere mind-force and brute force.

But even while war is on *we* can join in an about-face to *broad-*

cast love to friends and enemies alike. We can send *prayers* to God day and night and *vision* the world in God's hands—seeing His hand turning the pictures the right way at the right time.

Were we able to find three million people who would unite in such a love-broadcast, such a "prayer-tower," such a vision, I know they would accomplish what Gideon's men accomplished and just as quickly—a victory for our Lord. Then Love would take the place of hate, harmony of discord, and the Prince of Peace would take control over the governments of nations.

Here is a psalm of Harmony, which, if only a few of us joined in, believing with all our hearts, could help to change the atmosphere of the world:

We lift up our eyes unto the hills
From whence cometh our help.

Though the reflection in the water may quiver and ruffle
And conceal Thy great beauty at the beck of the winds and tides,
We know that Thy Truth shall never quiver or shake.
Though discord and misunderstanding may appear in the world below,
We know that if we lift our eyes unto the hills
We shall see the Reality is clear and beautiful and eternally harmonious.
We know that the more the reflection vibrates in wind and tide,
The more stable and calm stand the everlasting hills.
The more the opposite sides of the mountain appear in the reflection to be pulling
all things asunder,

The more permanently above they are seen holding the mountain in place
And the further the tip of the reflection sinks down into the depths,
The higher the glorious dome pushes its peak into the heights above.

Give us grace, O God, to see the world of Reality right side up and not upside down.
May we see the mountain—not the reflection in the pool.
May we see behind every argument the Truth that draws it into Love;
Behind every angry thought the Love that vibrates it into eternal Harmony.

WHY WORRY?

I tossed a worry to the wind,
And watched it float away.
It rose, and danced and soared,
In truth, it seemed quite gay.
I gazed in puzzled wonder,
Then laughed with joyous glee,—
The worry was as glad to go,
As I was to be free!

—*Elsie Mackay.*

GOD IS HERE!

God is here,
In every bush and tree,
In every lilting bird song,
In every humming bee,
In the wavering lights and shadows,
In small creatures venturing near;
Peace enfolds us—Joy surrounds us—
Life is good, for God is here!

—*Mabel O. Swain.*

PRAYER

Our Father, wilt Thou teach us to build ships . . .
Strong, lovely ships, to send out on the wide
Seas of the soul, on endless, secret trips;
And help us trust to the out-going tide

To bear them safely to their destined ports.
It matters not if they be small or large
So they be truly built. There are all sorts
Of harbors: and sometimes a sturdy barge

That can't be daunted, or a swift canoe,
Might ride a storm out, win some narrow stream,
On errands that a liner could not do.
Teach us to build according to Thy Dream,

To send them forth according to Thy Plan,
And take no thought for turning tides. May we
Send cargoes out to bless the heart of man . . .
And leave our waiting harbors all to Thee!

—*Beverley Githens.*

☐ The Bible is not the history of man,
but the history of God.

The Strange New World Within the Bible

Karl Barth

WE ARE to attempt to find an answer to the question, What is there within the Bible? What sort of house is it to which the Bible is the door? What sort of country is spread before our eyes when we throw the Bible open?

We are with Abraham in Haran. We hear a call which commands him: Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, unto a land that I will show thee! We hear a promise: I will make of thee a great nation. And Abraham believed in the Lord; and he counted it to him for righteousness. What is the meaning of all this? We can but feel that there is something behind these words and experiences. But What?

We are with Moses in the wilderness. For forty years he has been living among the sheep, doing penance for an over-hasty act. What change has come over him? We are not told; it is apparently not our concern. But suddenly there comes to him also a call; Moses, Moses!—a great command: Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou

mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt!—and a simple assurance: Certainly I will be with thee. Here again are words and experiences which seem at first to be nothing but riddles. We do not read the like either in the daily papers or in other books. What lies behind?

It is time of severe oppression in the land of Canaan. Under the oak at Ophrah stands the farmer's son, Gideon. The "angel of the Lord" appears to him, and says, The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor.

In the tabernacle at Shiloh lies the young Samuel. Again a call: Samuel, Samuel! And the pious priest Eli, to whom he runs, wisely advises him to lie down again. He obeys and sleeps until, the call returning and returning, he can no longer sleep; and the thought comes to the pious Eli: It might be. . . ! And Samuel must hear and obey.

We read all this, but what do we read behind it? We are aware of something like the tremors of an earthquake or like the ceaseless thundering of ocean waves

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against thin dikes; but what really is it that beats at barriers and seeks entrance here?

We remember how Elijah felt himself called of "the Lord" to offer defiance to the whole authority of his king, and then himself had to make the acquaintance of this "Lord," not in the wind and storm but in a "still, small voice"—how Isaiah and Jeremiah wished not to speak but had to speak the secrets of divine judgment and divine blessing upon a sinful people. What does it mean? Why do these men speak so? Whence is kindled all the indignation, all the pity, all the joy, all the hope and the unbounded confidence which even today we see flaring up like fire from every page of the prophets and the psalms?

Then come the incomprehensible, incomparable days, when all previous time, history, and experience seem to stand still—like the sun at Gibeon—in the presence of a man who was no prophet, no poet, no hero; no thinker, and yet all of these and more! His words cause alarm, for he speaks with authority and not as we ministers. With compelling power he calls to each one: Follow me! Even to the distrustful and antagonistic he gives an irresistible impression of "eternal life." And the quieter and lonelier he becomes, and the less real "faith" he finds in the world about him, the stronger through

his whole being peals one triumphant note: "I am the resurrection and the life! Because I live—ye shall live also!"

And then comes the echo, weak enough, if we compare it with that note of Easter morning—the echo which this man's life finds in a little crowd of folk who listen, watch, and wait. Here is the echo of the first courageous missionaries who felt the necessity upon them to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

Then the echo ceases. The Bible is finished.

Who is the man who spoke such words and lived such a life, who set these echoes ringing? And again we ask: What is there within the Bible?

It is a dangerous question. We might do better not to come too near this burning bush. For we are sure to betray what is—behind *us*! The Bible gives to every man and to every era such answers to their questions as they deserve. We shall always find in it as much as we seek and no more: high and divine content if it is high and divine content that we seek; transitory and "historical" content, if it is transitory and "historical" content that we seek; nothing whatever, if it is nothing whatever we seek. The hungry are satisfied by it, and to the satisfied it is surfeiting before they have opened it. The question, What

is within the Bible? has a mortifying way of converting itself into the opposing question, Well, what are you looking for, and who are you, pray, who make bold to look?

But in spite of all this danger of making embarrassing discoveries in ourselves, we must yet trust ourselves to ask our question. What this fruit, this answer, is, is suggested by the title of my address: within the Bible there is a strange, new world, the world of God. This answer is the same as that which came to the first martyr, Stephen: Behold I see the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God. Neither by the earnestness of our belief nor by the depth and richness of our experience have we deserved the right to this answer. But that is the point: if we wish to come to grips with the contents of the Bible we must dare to reach far beyond ourselves. The Book admits of nothing less. For, besides giving to every one of us what he rightly deserves—to one, much, to another, something, to a third, nothing—it leaves us no rest whatever, if we are in earnest, once with our short-sighted eyes and awkward fingers we have found the answer in it that *we* deserve. It is the Bible itself, it is the straight inexorable logic of its on-march which drives us out beyond ourselves and invites us, without re-

gard to our worthiness or unworthiness, to reach for the last highest answer, in which all is said that can be said, although we can hardly understand and only stammeringly express it. And that answer is: A new world, the world of God. There is a spirit in the Bible that allows us to stop awhile and play among secondary things as is our wont—but presently it begins to press us on; and however we may object that we are only weak, imperfect, and most average folk, it presses us on to the primary fact, whether we will or no.

What is there within the Bible? *History!* The history of a remarkable, even unique, people; the history of powerful, mentally vigorous personalities; the history of Christianity in its beginnings—a history of men and ideas in which anyone who considers himself educated must be interested, if for no other reason than because of its effects upon the times following and the present time.

But the pleasure is short-lived: the picture, on closer inspection, proves quite incomprehensible and flat, if it is meant only for history. For when we study history and amuse ourselves with stories, we are always wanting to know: How did it all happen? How is it that one event follows another? What are the natural causes of things? *Why* did the people speak such words and live such lives?

It is just at the most decisive points of its history that the Bible gives no answer to our Why. The Bible meets the lover of history with silences quite unparalleled.

Why was it that the Israelitish people did not perish in the Egyptian bondage, but remained a people, or rather in the very deepest of their need, became one? Why? There was a reason! Why was it that Moses was able to create a law which for purity and humanity puts us moderns only to shame? There was a reason! Why is it that Jeremiah stands there during the siege of Jerusalem with his message of doom, an enemy of the people, a man without a country? Why Jesus' healing of the sick, why his messianic consciousness, why the resurrection? Why does a Saul become a Paul?

The Bible itself, in any case, answers our eager Why neither like a sphinx, with There was a reason! nor, like a lawyer, with a thousand arguments, deductions, and parallels, but says to us, The decisive cause is God. Because God lives, speaks, and acts, there was a reason.

The paramount question is whether we have understanding for this different, new world, or good will enough to meditate and enter upon it inwardly. Do we desire the presence of "God"? Do we dare to go whither evidently we are being led? That were "faith"!

We might also say, There is morality within the Bible. It is a collection of teachings and illustrations of virtue and human greatness. No one has ever yet seriously questioned the fact that in their way the men of the Bible were good representative men, from whom we have an endless amount to learn. Whether we seek practical wisdom or lofty examples of a certain type of heroism, we find them here forthwith.

And again in the long run we do not. Large parts of the Bible are almost useless to the school in its moral curriculum because they are lacking in just this wisdom and just these "good examples." The heroes of the Bible are to a certain degree quite respectable, but to serve as examples to the good, efficient, industrious, publicly educated, average citizen of Switzerland, men like Samson, David, Amos, and Peter are very ill fitted indeed.

At certain crucial points the Bible amazes us by its remarkable indifference to our conception of good and evil. Abraham, for instance, as the highest proof of his faith desires to sacrifice his son to God; Jacob wins the birthright by a refined deception of his blind father; Elijah slays the four hundred and fifty priests of Baal by the brook Kishon. Are these exactly praiseworthy examples?

And in how many phases of

morality the Bible is grievously wanting! How little fundamental information it offers in regard to the difficult questions of business life, marriage, civilization, and statecraft, with which we have to struggle! To mention only a single problem, but to us today a mortal one: how unceremoniously and constantly war is waged in the Bible!

Time and again the Bible gives us the impression that it contains no instructions, counsels, or examples whatsoever, either for individuals or for nations and governments; and the impression is correct. It offers us not at all what we first seek in it.

Once more we stand before this "other" new world which begins in the Bible. In it the chief consideration is not the doings of man but the doings of God—not the various ways which we may take if we are men of good will, but the power out of which good will must first be created—not the unfolding and fruition of love as we may understand it, but the existence and outpouring of eternal love, of love as God understands it—not industry, honesty, and helpfulness as we may practice them in our old ordinary world, but the establishment and growth of a new world, the world in which God and *his* morality reign. In the light of this coming world a David is a great man in spite of his adultery and

bloody sword: blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity! Into this world the publicans and the harlots will go before your impeccably elegant and righteous folk of good society! In this world the true hero is the lost son, who is absolutely lost and feeding swine—and not his moral elder brother. And the blood of the New Testament which seeks in-flow into our veins is the will of the Father which would be done on earth as it is in heaven.

We may have grasped this as the meaning of the Bible, as *its* answer to our great and small questions, and still say: I do not need this; I do not desire it; it tells me nothing; I cannot get anywhere with it! It may be that we really cannot get anywhere with it on our present highways and byways—on our byways of church and school, for example, and, in many instances on the byway of the personal life which we have been traveling with such perseverance. And it is certain that the Bible, if we read it carefully, makes straight for the point where one must decide to accept or reject the sovereignty of God. This is the new world within the Bible. We are offered the magnificent, productive, hopeful life of a grain of seed, a new beginning, out of which all things shall be made new. One cannot learn or imitate this life of the divine seed in the new

world. One can only let it live, grow, and ripen within him. One can only believe—can only hold the ground whither he has been led. Or not believe. There is no third way.

Let us seek our way out on still another side: let us start with the proposition that in the Bible we have a revelation of true *religion*, of religion defined as what we are to think concerning God, how we are to find him, and how we are to conduct ourselves in his presence—all that is included in what today we like to call “worship and service.” We have only to seek honestly and we shall make the plain discovery that there is something greater in the Bible than religion and “worship.” Here again we have only a kind of crust which must be broken through.

We have all been troubled with the thought that there are so many kinds of Christianity in the world: Catholic Christianity and Protestant, the Christianities of the various communions and of the “groups” within them, the Christianity of the old-fashioned and the Christianity of the modern—and all, all of them appealing with the same earnestness and zeal to the Bible. Each insists, *Ours* is the religion revealed in the Bible, or at least its most legitimate successor. And how is one to answer?

Then shall we take the position that fundamentally we are right?

Shall we dip our hands into that from which the spirit of the Bible silently turns away, the dish of tolerance which is more and more being proclaimed as the highest good? Or may we all, jointly and severally, with our various views and various forms of worship, be wrong? The fact is that we must seek our answer in this direction—“Yea, let God be true, but every man a liar.” All religions may be found in the Bible, if one will have it so; but when he looks closely, there are none at all. There is only the “other,” new, greater world! When we come to the Bible with our questions—How shall I think of God and the universe? How arrive at the divine? How present myself?—it answers us, as it were, “My dear sir, these are *your* problems: you must not ask *me*! Whether it is better to hear mass or hear a sermon, whether the proper form of Christianity is to be discovered in the Salvation Army or in ‘Christian Science,’ whether the better belief is that of old Reverend Doctor Smith or young Reverend Mr. Jones, whether your religion should be more a religion of the understanding, of the will, or of the feelings, you can and must decide for yourself. We shall find ourselves only in the midst of a vast human controversy and far, far away from reality, or what might become reality in our lives.”

It is not the right human thoughts about God which form the content of the Bible, but the right divine thoughts about men. The Bible tells us not how we should talk with God but what He says to us; not how we find the way to Him, but how He has sought and found the way to us. It is this which is within the Bible. The word of God is within the Bible.

Our grandfathers, after all, were right when they struggled so desperately in behalf of the truth that there is revelation in the Bible and not religion only.

But we are not yet quite at an end. We have found in the Bible a new world, God, God's sovereignty, God's glory, God's incomprehensible love. Not the history of man but the history of God! Not the virtues of men but the virtues of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvelous light! Not human standpoints but the standpoint of God!

Now, however, might not a last series of questions arise: Who then is God? What is His will? What are His thoughts? What is the mysterious "other," new, greater world which emerges in the Bible beyond all the ways of men, summoning us to a decision to believe or not to believe?

The question, Who is God? and our inadequate answers to it come

only from having halted somewhere on the way to the open gates of the new world; from our having refused somewhere to let the Bible speak to us candidly; from our having failed somewhere truly to desire to believe. At that point of halt the truth again becomes unclear, confused, problematical, narrow, stupid, high-church, non-conformist, monotonous, or meaningless. "He that hath *seen* me hath *seen* the Father." That is it: when we allow ourselves to press on to the highest answer, when we find God in the Bible, when we dare with Paul not to be disobedient to the heavenly vision, then God stands before us as He really is, "Believing, ye *shall* receive!" God is *God*.

But who may say, I believe? "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." It is because of our unbelief that we are so perplexed by the question, Who is God?—that we feel so small and ashamed before the fullness of the Godhead which the men and women of the Bible saw and proclaimed. It is because of our unbelief that even now I can only stammer, hint at, and make promises about that which would be opened to us if the Bible could speak to us unhindered, in the full fluency of its revelations.

Who is God? The heavenly Father! But the heavenly Father even upon *earth*, and upon earth really the *heavenly* Father. He

will not allow life to be split into a "here" and "beyond." He will not leave to death the task of freeing us from sin and sorrow. He will bless us, not with the power of the church but with the power of life and resurrection.

Who is God? The Son who has become "the mediator of my soul." But more than that: He has become the mediator for the whole world, the redeeming Word, who was in the beginning of all things and is earnestly expected by all things.

Who is God? The spirit in His believers, the spirit

"by which we own

The Son who lived and died and rose:

Which crystal clear from God's
pure throne
Through quiet hearts forever
flows."

But God is also that spirit (that is to say, that love and good will) which will and must break forth from quiet hearts into the world outside, that it may be manifest, visible, comprehensible: behold the tabernacle of God is with men! The *Holy Spirit* has respect only for truth, for itself. The Holy Spirit establishes the righteousness of heaven in the midst of the unrighteousness of earth and will not stop nor stay until all that is dead has been brought to life and a new world has come into being.

This is within the Bible. It is within the Bible for us.

BEYOND HUMAN POWER

We shall never pray until we feel more deeply, and we shall never feel deeply enough until we envisage what is actually happening in the world, and understand what is possible in the will of God; and that means until sufficient numbers realize that we have brought things to a pass which is beyond human power to help or save.

Those who do feel and see, however inadequately, should not hesitate to begin to pray, or fail to persevere, however dark the prospects remain.

Let them urge others to do likewise; and then, first small groups, and then the Church as a whole, and at last the world, may turn and cry for forgiveness, mercy and deliverance for all.

Then we may be sure God will answer, and effectually; for the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, nor His ear heavy that it cannot hear.—W. E. Orchard.

Whenever religion passes over from being a second-hand tradition to being a first-hand experience something really happens.

—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

☐ The Church that abandons its positions will not have a look-in at the peace table.

Begin With the Kingdom!

E. Stanley Jones

IN ORDER to prepare for the new world order the Christian church must have some starting point for its thinking and acting. Otherwise it will soon be lost in the relativisms of the hour. It is always safe to begin where Jesus began, and he began with the Kingdom of God. "Jesus went out preaching the gospel of the Kingdom of God."

I am so amazed beyond words that so very few Christians seem to have any starting point from which they work out to the problems to be solved. Having no starting point, they therefore have no ending point and they get all tangled up in vicious circles. They begin with the problems, end with the problems and in the process become problems, both to themselves and to others.

The church that abandons its positions at the first touch of crisis, merges itself in the surrounding spirit in the name of realism, will find that in the making of peace it won't have a look-in, for men of the world will cease to have respect for convictions which can be so easily abandoned, will brush them aside and will make peace on

their own brand of hard, worldly realism. When it comes to realism of that type, they will furnish their own, for the necessarily tentative realisms of the church will seem to them too hesitant and soft.

Somebody has said, "The early church did not say, 'Look what the world has come to,' but, 'look what has come to the world.'" It makes all the difference in the world as to where you start from, for that determines where you will come out and your spirit along the way.

While talking with the department of state regarding a settlement between Japan and America just before the outbreak of the war, I said: "Why don't you work out from your own principles of democracy to the situation, instead of allowing the Japanese to determine your conduct? You say: 'If the Japanese do this, we will do this: if the Japanese do that, we'll do the other.' You are allowing the Japanese to determine your conduct. That whole process leads down to war. Begin with your own principles and you'll probably find a way out."

The church must have an order

in mind in the light of which it envisages the new order. That order is obviously God's order—the Kingdom of God.

When God made us, he had a plan and a purpose in mind. That plan and that purpose is the Kingdom of God. But the Kingdom of God is more than a plan and a purpose. It is a present fact. "Thine is the Kingdom." The Kingdom not merely will be. It is. We do not build the Kingdom. The Kingdom is "built from the foundations of the world." It is built into the constitution of reality. It is the way we are made individually and collectively to live. If we try to live some other way, the result is self-frustration. We can break ourselves upon this Kingdom. The Kingdom will work with us if we relate ourselves to it, obey its laws and take its redemptive powers. But it will work against us if we refuse it and take our own way.

Where is the Kingdom of God in this world mess? It is here working as self-frustration. This kind of world revolt against the Kingdom will result in this kind of world mess.

We are never told to build the Kingdom. We are told to "see," to "accept," to "proclaim" the Kingdom, but never to build it. It is built. You don't build the force of gravity. You discover it. You relate yourself to it, submit

to it, and get its powers working with you—or else you get hurt. The same with the Kingdom. You discover it, see it, submit to it, and then its powers are behind you and for you. If you don't they will work against you and break you.

We are told to build the church: "On this rock I will build my church." For the church is a relativism, related to something higher than itself from which it gets its ideals, its code, its right and power to live. The church exists as a means to the ends of the Kingdom, but is itself not an end. It contains the best life of the Kingdom, and in many cases is a closely approximating embodiment of that Kingdom. But the church is not the Kingdom. The Kingdom remains an absolute. The church at its best is a relative.

The Kingdom does not impose on life a set of moral codes. The laws of the Kingdom are written within us and into our relationships with each other. We obey them or perish.

Someone suggested that Hitler seemed haggard as though afflicted with a malignant disease, the implication being that God was smiting him with the disease for his sins. But the malignant disease that Hitler has is Hitler. "Nobody trusts me," he said wistfully to George Lansbury as he paced the floor. He himself is his own disease. He has to live with that

kind of man and there is no escape. That is the Kingdom working as penalty. But it is working as self-frustration not only in Hitler. It is working in us all individually and collectively to the degree that we break it.

But this Kingdom is not only written into the constitution of things. It is supremely revealed to us in the person of Christ. He identified himself with the Kingdom. He used synonymously, "for my sake" and "for the Kingdom's sake." He is the Kingdom personalized.

The church should have an absolute, a totalitarian order with which to confront all life. I say "totalitarian" for the Kingdom is totalitarian. God is not a half-god ruling over a half-realm. He is God, and his Kingdom is absolute and totalitarian. But since it is the way we are inherently made to live, when we obey it we find our own freedom. Here is a totalitarianism which is perfect freedom—the very thing for which mankind is blindly searching through these half-answers.

If the answer is made that we cannot begin with the Kingdom as interpreted, in Christ, for it is idealism and we must be realistic, my answer is that the Kingdom is realism, the only realism. Everything else breaks down except God's way. It is bound to be the very nature of reality. To look on

the Kingdom of God as dangerous idealism is to run into dangerous skepticism—the only real skepticism. This skepticism has bitten like acid into the soul of the church.

But the essence of that Kingdom is not a hard absolutism; it is redemptive. Jesus proclaimed it not as the ubiquitous iron hand, but as "the good news of the Kingdom." Jesus in revealing the nature of reality revealed it as redemptive love. Paul sums up the nature of that good news as, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation." This defines the nature of the gospel and also defines the nature of the attitudes and work of those who accept it and live by it. Christians are people who carry on the reconciling work of God, reconciling man with God, man with man, and man with himself. Our chief business as Christians is reconciliation. Reconciliation, mind you, not appeasement or compromise. In reconciliation you get each to change and come to a higher position beyond each—a position in which the truth of each is fulfilled and the wrong eliminated.

When we apply this to the war situation, the same thing holds good. The church should not merge itself into either side as such, but should endeavor to get

each to change and to be reconciled on a higher level. Does that presuppose that each side has something to change? It does. Seldom or never is there a war in which both sides have not something to change. Least of all this one. If the church merges itself into either side in this war, at the close it will have lost its right of mediation. It must be sufficiently free to be the conscience of the state.

That doesn't mean that the church is morally indifferent to issues; far from it. It means that it is so sensitive to moral issues and so open-eyed that it can even see the need of moral change among its own people when the rest have gone berserk through war hysteria and are looking for someone who becomes the devil and upon whom they can lay the whole blame. The church must remain an island of moral sanity amid the raging seas of war and hysteria.

The church that undertakes the work of reconciliation will not find a primrose path. It will have to get used to the sight of its own blood, for it will get whacked from both sides. Both sides, with their messianic complexes, will resent any group that judges them both and tries to get them to change.

If the above is the general attitude and work of the church, how would this work out specifically? The church should specifically pre-

pare for the new world order by the following:

1. By being a demonstration in itself of how men can hold together in spite of differences. Let the church not split over the war. If we believe in liberty of conscience we must believe in it sufficiently to give other people the liberty to disagree with us without dechristianizing them. We have a common loyalty to Christ though we differ in the interpretation of that loyalty. Let us hold together around that common loyalty, the fellowship unbroken. The church must hold within its bosom the conscientious objector and those who can conscientiously go to war—and hold them without disability.

2. The church must not muzzle its pulpit in this crisis. The laymen must not overtly or covertly suggest what the pulpit should say and not say. Let the laymen say to the minister, "Go to your knees, pastor, and come to us with some sure word from God, and we will prayerfully listen to your guidance, for we shall need it." A free America demands a free pulpit.

3. Let not the minister be in the inglorious business of keeping his head stuck in during this crisis, lest it get hurt. If he does, then at the close of the crisis when he puts his head out again there won't be an idea or conviction in

that head worth listening to—it will be empty.

4. Let the church get hold of a simple principle native to itself and native to democracy and let it work out into the social order with that principle. That principle will obviously be, "Equality of opportunity." At the place of equality of opportunity, Christianity and democracy coincide. Both believe in it profoundly. It is the *esse* of democracy and the *bene esse* of Christianity. Here we can agree and work together. We will insist on a post-war world of equality of opportunity. In doing so we will strike at the very root of the problem of war, for war usually grows out of inequality of opportunity.

This principle of equality of opportunity should work out into all life. First, it should begin with ourselves, making us give equal opportunity to those within our borders dispossessed by color or race or poverty. Second, it should throw open the door of equal opportunity to all to come to our shores. There should be limitation of immigration, but all nations and races should be on the same quota basis. Third, it should make available the raw materials of the world to all on the basis of equal opportunity. Fourth, it should make us redistribute the land space of the world so as to give those deprived of it an ade-

quate opportunity. Fifth, it should end the system of nations dominating other nations and give freedom of national expression to all. Sixth, it should provide a federal union—an international framework in which equal opportunity and hence peace can operate between nations just as our federal union has provided a framework in which peace can operate between our states. Seventh, it should make the American people share some billions of its material wealth with the war-impoorished people of the world to help in world reconstruction. To go all out to give equality of opportunity to all would be the real offensive of democracy—it would make the world safe for democracy, for it would make democracy safe for the world. It wouldn't be an imperialism masquerading as democracy.

5. Let the church be a demonstration in itself of the new order which it envisages. It, itself, should be a cameo of the Kingdom, the Kingdom in miniature. It should embody this new order so that if the old order goes to pieces around us we shall not decay with it, but be the seed plot of a new order.

Even if you couldn't get the whole church to be the demonstration and the agent of the new order, a small disciplined and de-

terminated minority within the church could do it.

To do so they will have to have resources. These resources can be had through worship of and fellowship with a God whose nature is outgoing and redemptive.

This worship of and fellowship with this redemptive God should

produce the kind of men who will not only bring in this new order but will sustain it after it is here. For the whole outer structure of life rests on character. If the character breaks, the confidence breaks; if the confidence breaks, the country breaks. The church should produce new men to bring in and sustain the new order.

Let us keep our silent sanctuaries; in them the eternal perspectives are preserved and such ideas as, at least to some extent, restore a man to his moral composure, and serve to rescue him from the degradations of the World.—*Senancour*.

The true proficiency of the soul consists not so much in deep thinking or eloquent speaking or beautiful writing as in much and warm loving.

Now if you ask me in what way this much and warm love may be acquired I answer, by resolving to do the will of God, and by watching to do his will as often as occasion offers. Those who truly love God love all good wherever they find it.

There are only two duties that our Lord requires of us—the love of God and the love of our neighbor. The surest sign for discovering our love to God is our love to our neighbor. The further you advance in the love of your neighbor, the further you are advancing in the love of God likewise.

Never hold aloof from others because their conversation is not altogether to your taste. Love them and they will love you, and will become like you and better than you.

Let not your soul coop itself up in a corner. For, instead of attaining to greater sanctity, in a proud and disdainful and impatient seclusion, the devil will keep you company there, and will do your sequestered soul much mischief. Wherefore, be accessible and affable to all, and all in love.

After my vow of perfection I spake not ill of any creature, how little soever it might be. I scrupulously avoided all approaches to detraction. And as time went on, I succeeded in persuading those who were about me to adopt the same habit, till it came to be understood that *where I was, absent persons were safe*.

—From *St. Theresa*—Selected Passages, Alexander Whyte.

☞ This great missionary-mystic describes the new way of life he has found.

Earthly Life Transformed into Heavenly

Frank Laubach

WE LIVE in an age of faith in experiment. No man can spin out a theory and expect to have it believed without subjecting it first to rigid tests. Herein lies my defense of the attitude I have taken toward religion. Some letters have come to me fearing that my "extreme" religiosity might either cause my mind to totter or other people to lose faith in my conservatism.

The discovery that I could put my mind in a passive state and let my tongue talk aloud to me from God seems to me now to be the most helpful experience of my whole life.

I believe there is a faculty in men, whether in all I do not know, which enables them to listen to something deeper than their surface selves. Many poets have written after having heard their poems from beginning to end. Robert Louis Stevenson got his stories the same way. Charles Francis Potter in his "Story of Religion" says that all the great religions were founded by persons who had heard a voice from heaven, and that usually it was

associated with some sort of blinding light.

But I do not believe these founders of religion were the only people to whom God tries to speak. My theory is that He comes to us all. At least He speaks to me, and I hope to goodness nobody suspects me of trying to found any more religions! I think God wants to talk to everybody.

God loves beauty, and surely God must love pleasure. Tonight I felt as though He were playing with his sunbeams along the mountain tops. If this be true then those words of Jesus, "Unless ye turn and become as little children ye cannot enter" have a double meaning. God himself must be like a child. All our oldness and stiffness must be unlike God, who loves play and beauty and laughter like a lovely babe.

I have found a way of life. Just to pray inwardly for everybody one meets, and to keep on all day without stopping, even when doing other work of every kind.

This simple practice requires only a gentle pressure of the will, not more than any person can ex-

ert easily. It grows easier as the habit becomes fixed.

Yet it transforms life into heaven. Everybody takes on a new richness, and all the world seems tinted with glory. I do not of course know what others think of me, but the joy which I have within cannot be described. If there were no other reward than that it would more than justify the practice with me.

But there is another reward. I *feel* God; I feel Him at work. I know the most important thing for me is to know about Him. He is working for people in just the same way I am.

So now each day must be a careful analysis and recording of the results which I observe. For one thing, today I have noticed that when I forget other people I become fatigued rather quickly. When I am reminded of my purpose and start again holding people seen and unseen before God, a new exhilaration comes to me, and all the fatigue vanishes. A deep strong joy crowds my breast.

It would be interesting for psychologists to try to explain this sudden inrush of joyous power. I had not anticipated it, so it can hardly be classified as autosuggestion.

It would be tremendously fruitful if others who are trying the same experiment of making every look and every thought a prayer,

would exchange notes and tell one another whether that same joyous power accompanies their experiment. There is a certain danger of too much introspection however, for I notice that when I begin to take note of the process or of the joy too much the faces of those for whom I was praying fade away, and with them the power. So let us be satisfied with saying that it is a wonderful thing to do from the point of view of the doer, and watch especially for evidences of what it does for those for whom we pray.

I choose to look at people through God, using God as my glasses, colored with His love for them.

Last year I decided to *try* to keep God in mind all the time. That was rather easy for a lonesome man in a strange land. It has always been easier for the shepherds and the monks and anchorites than for people surrounded by crowds.

But today it is altogether a different thing. I am no longer lonesome. The hours of the day from dawn to bedtime are spent in the presence of others. Either this new situation will crowd God out or I must take Him into it all. I must learn a continuous silent conversation of heart to heart with God while looking into other eyes and listening to other voices. If I decide to do this it is far more

difficult than the thing I was doing before.

Yet if this experiment is to have any value for busy people it must be worked under exactly these conditions of high pressure and throngs of people.

There is only one way to do it. God must share my thoughts of Moro grammar, and Moro epics, and teaching people to read and talking over the latest excitement with my family as we read the newspapers.

There are infinite reaches ahead of us as all of us know. Probably everybody catches glimpses of these higher possibilities at least for fleeting moments. We need pioneering of the most indefatigable kind in various aspects of the fuller life. If we can chart some new area of spiritual energy, if we can prove the power of making over the world by the sheer force of good thoughts, that ought to be a signal for a new concerted effort of the Christians of the world to keep their thoughts good.

Our thoughts flow around the world even when we do not express them. Others catch them though they do not know the source from whence they come. The result is probably much better because they suppose them to be their own. So when I sit at home thinking the noblest thoughts I can find in the universe, I am helping the people of all the world who

happen in some unknown way to be attuned to my thought-wave-length.

You can see that this is indeed abandoning the abstract quest of God and seeking Him where alone He can be found. I find Him by cooperating with Him and *feeling* the results as well as seeing them.

Friendship with God is the friendship of child with parent. As an ideal son grows daily into closer relationship with his father, so we may grow into closer love with God by widening into His interests, and thinking His thoughts and sharing His enterprises.

I suppose that arguments to persuade people to try friendship with God are valuable, but get us nowhere. Real progress begins when we begin to do things we know a God of love would do. And until we do that our efforts to know God will be fruitless. We will not believe that God is love until we are like God.

That was why the religious leaders and nearly all the other Jews so misunderstood Jesus. He was the embodiment of pure love and they had little love except for themselves. We cannot believe that other men love unless we love too.

It is not so much that men do not know God, as that men do not know what love is at its highest.

Until they feel love they cannot know what they mean when they say "God is love." Until they put love into practice they cannot recognize how love behaves when they see it.

God is a working God; love that did not work would be so much wet snow. God without action would be no more than the universe without action. He would be a god to bury.

But God's activities are indescribably, unimaginably immense, intense and intricate. We cannot comprehend them. When we try to be loving, believing that love is at the heart of this terrific universe, we realize that the universe too is warm hearted. The more we love and serve the clearer the conviction grows. After awhile we begin to see why imperfection and need are useful. The world is a fine gymnasium for training love. Everything is here to call out our love and to require its practice. Love like the love of God would be impossible in a perfect world. In this world it pulls at us from every direction.

The lovely helplessness and faith of little children pull at the parent's heartstrings, re-enforcing the instinct in every parent's heart.

But what calls out love most of

all is suffering. Pity and kind deeds produce a tone quality in love that we should lose without it. When the heart is full of love it goes out in quest of needs, perhaps to the end of the world, if it cannot find them at home. Some of the most beautiful characters in the world find they can call forth the deepest love only where they are really needed.

All that I have said is mere words, until one sets out helping God right wrongs, helping God help the helpless, loving and talking it over with God. Then there comes a great sense of the close-up warm intimate heart of reality. God simply creeps in and you KNOW He is here in your heart. He has become your friend by working along with you.

So if anybody were to ask me how to find God I should say at once, "Hunt out the deepest need you can find and forget all about it, and—He will be there. You will know it."

"No one could tell me what my soul might be

I searched for God and God eluded me.

I sought my brother out and found all three—

My soul, my God, and all humanity."

Action is the only mode of joy in evil days.—*Vida Scudder.*

¶ The supreme art of Contemplative Prayer
described by one who practices it.

Fundamentals of Prayer

Gerald Heard

AMISUNDERSTANDING has always arisen when prayer, as a specific activity, has come to be considered as a real issue. It is the ancient controversy between the "Contemplatives" and the "Actives"—between the "Way of Mary" and that "of Martha." They both affirm that prayer is important. It is a method that they both rate most highly. Their difference may be expressed, in modern terms, as a difference as to the aim of prayer.

The Actives think of prayer in one of two ways. The one way considers prayer as "*a method of getting one's way.*" You urge your need strongly, persistently, on God, and, if you press long and hard enough, you get your way.

Also prayer has come to be thought of by Actives in a second way. It leads to successful *action*, it is an important preliminary, because, through it, we isolate and analyze our problem. "Prayer," so goes a favorite definition today, "is thinking out one's difficulties." Thus you first think out your difficulty in quiet recollection. You see precisely what it is you feel ought

to be done, and next, how it may be done. Thereupon prayer is finished; it has served its turn, as the first step toward getting something real done. The next step is to present to others the clear findings, which this prayer has yielded, together with the arguments which this kind of prayer may also have provided. Then comes the final step which alone makes actual all that has gone before. Prayer followed by discussion leads to action.

Now it is this way of looking at prayer that is questioned by the Contemplative—the man who considers prayer as an activity in itself, the most effective of all actions, or, as that immensely busy man, St. Bernard, calls it, "The Business of Businesses." The contemplative maintains that prayer presents an opening and opportunity for contacting the only fully real Fact. Prayer can be the transmuting of conduct, character and consciousness, so that, and so only, a man may both will purely to do as the Fact actually is—to do the Will of God—and also know clearly what that Fact is.

From *Training for the Life of the Spirit*, Pamphlet 2, by Gerald Heard, Harper and Brothers, 1942, Twenty-five Cents.

This first distinction the Contemplative then sustains by maintaining a second: that the ordinary modern Active fails to understand the real and potent nature of prayer, not so much because he makes a mistake in theology—about the nature of the Ultimate Reality—but because he is in error in his psychology—the assumption he makes about the nature of man.

Life begins with blind action, Trial—and Error. Then comes, added to blind bodily reaction, that “overtone” reaction of speech, which among social creatures calls in “other opinions.” And thirdly, speech in its turn falls away and there remains thought, an even more detached approach. Speaking, we have said, is a low form of thought, perhaps the first. There is above it speechless thought. But this upper stage divides itself into two stages, stages which are indeed more distinct from each other than is a piece of rhetoric from a mathematical formula. This high and wide division is between analytical thought and what Rada-krishnan, the Indian thinker, has called Integral Thought. Integral Thought is trained, highly disciplined Intuition.

Beyond analytical thought lies integral thought, the power to apprehend the Whole, to see the coordinative One comprehending the manifold. What is that but

Contemplation, man’s highest activity, his supreme creative power?

Contemplation is, then, nothing alien, escapist, ancient, medieval. The issue between the Actives and the Contemplatives today may then be summarized in a phrase. The Actives want to change the world, certain that they themselves are quite sufficiently evolved and altered so that they can see the world as it actually is, have power to amend it, and will be completely happy when this is done. On the other hand, the Contemplatives insist that we ourselves are the heart of the problem; mankind needs a radical change, a change not merely of conduct and character (which is more than most of us have achieved) but of consciousness also. And, when we have achieved the completion of that process, the attainment of pure and complete consciousness, then we shall see a new world and will know both how to live and how to act. There lies the life of happiness and the life of creativeness. Until we understand that, the more we attempt to change our circumstances the more futile is our effort and the more tragic the consequences.

This issue is so grave, fundamental and acute that first place has to be given to it. For more is at stake than an old dispute between two types of religious persons. Our civilization can have no

foundation until in it are men who can show they have and can show others how to have, direct experience of Reality. If the ethicists are so busy that they accept the current and delusory picture of Reality, the false assumption that we see the world as it is and that that world is a blind mechanism and all other notions are fantasy, then our desperately sick civilization cannot recover. Nor is it enough for the men of goodwill verbally to deny materialism and mechanism. If their lives and actions are based on such a delusory world-picture, if they do not break with it and put another in its place, then their protests deceive nobody and encourage nobody. If the religious ethicists are to convince the ordinary man that their ethic has a real sanction, then they must show that they have actually contacted Reality.

But beside the scientists and the artists there is a third class who also have contacted Reality and brought back the authentic evidence, the life-enlarging and transforming knowledge. These are the saints. They say that the process of psychical evolution, the way to win that direct experience which alone gives the necessary sanction for ethical conduct, can be made into a science. They say that that ascent is through the ladder of a scientifically developed life of prayer.

The first thing, then, that we must do with Prayer is to scrape off it any sense that it is unreal. It will, it must, seem to be unreal until we do the three following things: First, we must own that, as we are, we do not contact Reality. Second, by the life of virtue, we must begin to get rid of that scar tissue on the eye of the true mind, that disease of the semicircular canals of the soul, whereby we cannot help seeing the world upside down. Third, by long and patient exercise of the mind-body we must build up that psychophysical athleticism and strength which permit us to attend steadily and long enough for us to be able to apprehend Reality. "Closer is He than breathing; nearer than hands and feet" . . . but so is the ultra-violet radiation closer to us than light, because far more penetrating, but we never knew that we could see it until a scientist by chance stayed in the dark long enough for the eye to begin to record it.

Prayer, therefore, has to be taken very seriously, as seriously as experimenting with X-rays, if we are to get from it the real results it offers. We are not asking for our petitions to be answered; we are not expecting immediate spectacular results. "Then," says the untrained, easily tired mind, "what *are* we doing?" The whole process has, at the start, to be taken

on faith. But faith, at this stage, is very weak, so we are almost involved in a vicious circle. Yet, of course, the more time, the better the time of day and the better the quality of attention that we give, the shorter will be this distressing period.

Yet, once past this the first barrier, we find ourselves up against the second. For then, instead of no results and almost-defeating boredom, we find results which are disconcerting. "So," we say with a surprise which shows the original depth of our skepticism, "so prayer is a real thing! But then I wonder whether it is really quite safe?" Of course it isn't. Was the discovery of X-rays safe? Nearly every man who took part in that big break-through is either already burned to death or sorely scarred.

To turn from all effort because it might entail some risk of strain, to disapprove of any concentration or wholehearted devotion because it might keep us from a number of topical pleasures—such are only the protests of those whose real belief is that beside this physical life all else is dream. There must be strain at the start, as in all athletic training.

The process of our spiritual evolution, the stage of Purgation, is divided up by the types of prayer which are used in it as we ascend. There are four such steps. The

first is Vocal Prayer; the second Mental Prayer, or specific meditation; the third Affective Prayer or prayer almost wholly of the Will; and the fourth is the "Prayer of Simplicity" of "Simple Regard," when total attention to the Imageless can be understood and, off and on, can be attained.

Words, then, are essential to beginners because words rouse definite thought. True, words cannot produce the highest thought. When that begins words must cease. But words, right words, can prevent the lowest thoughts, those silly, pointless reveries, those aimless mental maunderings about my rights and my wrongs, those self-centered day-dreamings which infest our egos. These distractions are almost the most difficult and certainly the most constant obstacles to prayer. Beginners have no better way of laying their blinding dust and stilling their distracting tumult than by Right Words.

So even in Vocal Prayer we can forecast the whole four steps of Purgative Prayer. In other words, these basic prayers have a three-fold grasp on the mind. First, they are affirmative; second, they are aspirational; and third, they are adorational; an act of faith, an act of purpose, and an act of thankful devotion.

This section may then be closed with one of these as being typical

of this kind of Vocal Prayer. It is that which prefaces the Eucharist in the Roman and Anglican Rite. (Affirmation) "Almighty God, unto Whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from Whom no secrets are hid; (Aspiration) cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit; (Adoration) that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy Name."

We now turn to step 2, Mental Prayer or Meditation. Vocal Prayer, used with any sincerity of intention, starts, we have seen, the other three higher degrees of deliberate prayer. And the first of these to be awakened is Mental Prayer. As soon as a subject begins to interest us deeply, we begin to speak less glibly, more slowly, each word seems weightier, common words we took for granted emerge charged with unsuspected meaning. Until at last we pause and pure thought, original and deep, begins.

When anyone has for a year or so been sent up and down this preliminary scale of two steps he may well expect to find himself entering on the third—Affective Prayer, prayer of the pure will. Prayer of the pure will is certainly an inevitable development. Words have (not so much shrunk as condensed) distilled from a vague skein of sound into dense drops of single significance. As we reflec-

tively meditate, slowly or suddenly the utter significance of That we are thinking upon dawns on the mind. The soul is caught by a sudden complete and hopeless longing. It knows at last what it has always wanted and knows at the same instant that its own nature makes attainment impossible.

This condition passes into an even intenser, far less self-interested and quieter form. Wonder takes the place of longing. Even if I cannot go to Him yet how self-forgetfully astounding it is that He exists.

The Prayer of Simplicity, we have then seen, both grows out of Affective Prayer and is (as each stage is of the stage below it) a refinement of it. Words have been discarded for thought images; thought images for a keen blind urge. Now the intensity of that urge can be further refined and simplified, made more subtle because the violence of the will has been abstracted. What is left? A quiet intensity of interest, a superfine vigilance, a most alert passivity. Clearly this is an enlarged receptivity beside which the earlier, lower states of attention were narrowly, arbitrarily selective. Here is true openness of mind and heart.

The virtue-effect of this is distinct, specific. As Vocal Prayer prunes ill habits, Meditation plants good ones and Affective Prayer acts as their forcing-house; so the

prayer of Simple Regard accelerates the growth of that state of mind which is the soil of all deep-rooted goodness—Patience and its complement acceptance. So St. John of the Cross says of this stage that we begin to learn with a new wonder and emptying of the soul that we have so far known nothing of Reality and must clear ourselves of our former notions, so that ideas far more subtle and nearer to Reality may form themselves in us.

But in the Prayer of Simple Regard, words and images, yes, and the nervous fret of anxious desire all are gone. The soul realizes that That whom it seeks cannot, of His Nature, be far. Because of his Immensity He is always immediately Instant. To think of Him as being too vast to be able to be aware of us, too great to be able to have touch with the small, is of course to carry our human ideas into His Majesty and Power. Because He is Infinite He is as infinitely minute and intimate as He is forever beyond the utmost extent of all the universes of created things. So our eager yearning, which would exhaust itself, is now abandoned. The soul is gaining, like a trained runner, its "second wind." A settled, steady, inexhaustible interest is taking the place of the fluctuations of an almost heartbreaking desire and an almost hopeless doggedness. The

mind, the feelings, and the will have all found that they have arrived where an immense co-ordinating concern is involving them in a complete pattern of thought, frame of sentiment and mode of behavior.

Man's *mind* is feeling out to a new quality of thought, wholly integral in all its upper reaches. His *will*, simultaneously, is experiencing the rise of a new unstraining quality of effortless intensity, an unlimited interest. Even his *emotions*—always the last to obey—find their fluctuations being smoothed out in an unwavering, strong, but unelatable devotion. Henceforward if the soul go forward at all, it will rise very rapidly. But, on the other hand, the ascent is now so steep that it may feel that any further advance is debarred to it.

There then the climber must hang on; the voyager must wait. The first great flight has been surmounted; the first gulf crossed. Now — as do skillful mariners—the ship must be brought as close as may be to the bar; skillful handling and good gear can now do no more. Here all must wait, until from the Deep, the tide comes flooding in. Then the bar will be submerged and not only can the ships ride over it, but the running tide will carry them right beyond it, far up the great estuary at the head of which lies their harbor.

A Man Who Took the Promises of God Literally

Andrew Murray

When God wishes anew to teach His Church a truth that is not being understood or practised, He mostly does so by raising some man to be in word and deed a living witness to its blessedness. And so God has raised up in the nineteenth century among others, George Müller to be His witness that He is indeed the Hearer of prayer. I know of no way in which the principal truths of God's word in regard to prayer can be more effectually illustrated and established than a short review of his life and what he tells of his prayer-experiences.

HE WAS born in Prussia on the 25th of September, 1805. His early life, even after entering the University of Halle as a theological student, was wicked in the extreme. Led by a friend one evening, when just twenty years of age, to a prayer meeting, he was deeply impressed, and soon after brought to know the Saviour. He became the pastor of Bethesda Chapel in Bristol in 1832, and was led to the Orphan Home and other work in connection with which God so remarkably led him to trust His word and to experience how God fulfills that word. He stated: "The Lord very graciously gave me a measure of simplicity and of childlike disposition in spiritual things, so that whilst I was exceedingly ignorant of the Scriptures and was still from time to time overcome by outward sins,

yet I was enabled to carry most minute matters to the Lord in prayer. God began to show me that the word of God alone is our standard of judgment in spiritual things, and that the Holy Spirit is the Teacher. This had great effect upon me; for the Lord enabled me to put it to the test of experience, by laying aside commentaries, and simply reading the word of God and studying it. I learned more in a few hours thus than I had done in a period of several months previously. *But the particular difference was that I received real strength for my soul in so doing.* I began to try by the test of the Scriptures the things which I had learned and seen, and found that only those principles which stood the test were of real value. I was willing to carry out into my life whatever I should find in the Scrip-

tures. I could say, 'I will do Thy will.' *Whosoever is willing to act out these commandments of the Lord literally*, will, I believe, be led with me to see that to take them *literally* is the will of God."

This implicit surrender to God's word led him to certain views and conduct in regard to money which mightily influenced his future life. They had their root in the conviction that money was a Divine stewardship, and that all money had therefore to be received and dispensed in direct fellowship with God Himself. This led him to the adoption of these four great rules:

1. Not to receive any fixed salary, both because there was often in the collecting of it much at variance with the free will offering with which God's service is to be maintained, and in receiving of it a danger of placing more dependence on human sources of income than in the living God Himself.

2. Never to ask any human being for help, however great the need might be, but to make his wants known to the God who has promised to care for His servants and to hear their prayer.

3. To take the command literally "Sell that thou hast and give alms," and never to save up money, but to spend all God entrusted to him on God's poor, on the work of His Kingdom.

4. Also to take literally Romans

16:8, "Owe no man anything," and never to buy on credit, or be in debt for anything, but to trust God to provide.

This mode of living was not easy at first. But Müller testified it was most blessed in bringing the soul to rest in God, and drawing it into closer union with Himself when inclined to backslide.

It was in 1834 that Mr. Müller's heart was touched by the case of an orphan brought to Christ in one of the schools, but who had to go to a poor house where its spiritual wants would not be cared for. Later he wrote: "Today I have had it very much laid on my heart no longer merely to *think* about the establishment of an Orphan Home, but actually to set about it, and I have been very much in prayer respecting it, in order to ascertain the Lord's mind. May God make it Plain." A few days later he wrote: "I am more and more convinced that it is of God. May He in mercy guide me. The three chief reasons are: 1. That God may be glorified, should He be pleased to furnish me with the means, in its being seen that it is not a vain thing to trust Him; and that thus the faith of His children may be strengthened. 2. The spiritual welfare of fatherless and motherless children. 3. Their temporal welfare."

A house was rented with room for thirty children, and in course

of time three more, containing in all 120 children. The work was carried on in this way for ten years, the supplies for the needs of the children being asked and received of God alone. It was often a time of sore need and much prayer. Mr. Müller was led to desire, and to wait upon God till he received from Him the sure promise of \$75,000 for a home to contain 300 children. This first home was opened in 1849. In 1858 a second and third home, for 950 more orphans, was opened, costing \$175,000. And in 1869 and 1870, a fourth and a fifth home, for 850 more, at an expense of \$200,000, making a total number of orphans 2,100.

In addition to this work, God gave him almost as much as for the building of the Orphan Homes, and the maintenance of the orphans, for other work, the support of schools and missions. In all he received from God, to be spent in His work, during those fifty years, more than five million dollars. How wonderfully the word was fulfilled to him: "Thou hast been faithful over few things; I will set thee over many things."

And these things have happened for an example to us. God calls us to be followers of George Müller, even as he is of Christ. His God is our God; the same promises are for us; the same

service of love and faith in which he labored is calling for us on every side.

One of the greatest difficulties with young believers is to know how they can find out whether what they desire is according to God's will. I count it one of the most precious lessons God wants to teach through the experience of George Müller, that He is willing to make known, of things of which His word says nothing directly, that they are His will for us, and that we may ask for them. The teaching of the Spirit, not without or against the word, but as something above and beyond it, in addition to it, without which we cannot see God's will, is the heritage of every believer. Let us try to notice in what childlike simplicity and teachableness it was that the discovery of God's will was so surely and so clearly made known to His servant.

With regard to the building of the first Home and the assurance he had of its being God's will, he writes in May, 1850, just after it had been opened: "But while the prospect before me would have been overwhelming if I had looked at it naturally, I was never once permitted to question how it would end. For as from the beginning I was sure *it was the will of God* that I should go to the work of building for Him this large Orphans' Home, so also from the

beginning I was as certain that the whole would be finished as if the Home had been already filled."

The way in which he found out what was God's will, comes out with special clearness in his account of the building of the second Home: "December 5, 1850. The thoughts about enlarging the Orphan work have not yet arisen on account of an abundance of money having lately come in; for I have had of late to wait for about seven weeks upon God, whilst little, very little comparatively, came in, *i.e.*, about four times as much was going out as came in; and had not the Lord previously sent me large sums, we should have been distressed indeed. December 11. During the last six days, since writing the above, I have been, day after day, waiting upon the Lord concerning this matter. Yet all this without the least excitement. I am perfectly calm and quiet respecting it. My soul would be rejoiced to go forward in this service. On the other hand, were I assured that the Lord would have me to be satisfied with my present sphere of service, and that I should not pray about enlarging the work, by His grace I could, *without an effort*, cheerfully yield to it; for He has brought me into such a state of heart, that I only desire to please Him in this matter. I have the fullest and most peaceful

assurance that He will clearly show me His will.

"January 2, 1851. During the past week the book of Proverbs has come in the course of my Scripture reading, and my heart has been refreshed in reference to this subject by the following passages: 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' Further: 'Commit thy work unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established.'"

In George Müller we have one of the most remarkable instances on record of God's Holy Spirit leading a man deliberately and systematically, at the outset of a course of prayer, to make the glorifying of God his first and only object. He says: "When I began the Orphan work in 1835, my chief object was the glory of God, by giving a practical demonstration as to what could be accomplished simply through the instrumentality of prayer and faith, in order thus to benefit the Church at large, and to lead a careless world to see the reality of the things of God, by showing them in this work, that the living God is still, as 4000 years ago, the living God."

There is another point I want to point out. It is the lesson of firm and unwavering trust. "The

full answer to my daily prayers was far from being realized; yet there was abundant encouragement granted by the Lord to continue in prayer. I myself am now waiting upon the Lord for certain blessings, for which I have daily besought Him for ten years and six months without one day's intermission. I lay particular stress on this for the benefit of those who may suppose that I need only to ask of God, and receive at once; or that I might pray concerning anything, and the answer would surely come. One can only expect to obtain answers to prayers which are according to the mind of God; and even then patience and faith may be exercised for many years, even as mine are exercised.

"I make a few remarks here for the benefit of young believers.

1. Be slow to take new steps in the Lord's service, or in your business, or in your families; weigh everything well; weigh all in the light of the Holy Scriptures and in the fear of God. 2. Seek to have no will of your own, in order to ascertain the mind of God, regarding any steps you purpose taking so that you can honestly say you are willing to do the will of God, if He will only please instruct you. 3. But when you have found out what the will of God is, seek for His help, and seek it earnestly, perseveringly, patiently, believably, expectantly; and you will surely in His own time and way obtain it."

As a cup
Held up to Thee
May my life
An offering be.

Emptied of all
Selfish quest,
Father, fill it
As seems best.

—*Mabel C. Garrett.*

Little wish—I play with you
In fancy hold you dear.

Bigger wish—I pray for you
I know you're in God's care.

Greatest wish—my soul's desire
I give you to your own
Knowing mine will come to me,
Perhaps my home, your throne.

—*Esther Harding.*

☾ If we recognize the Truth "He will perfect that which concerneth thee," we are relieved of all anxiety and fear.

That Which Concerneth Me

Walter Lanyon

"THE LORD will perfect that which concerneth me."

Like a glorious bird loosed from the mountain tops, drifting, soaring, diving, and rising with perfect abandon and serenity over the terrible chasms below, so this glorious promise carries the soul on sure, tried wings over and above the concern of the human mind.

Yes, that which "concerneth me" from the human sense of the word is much. "Who will deliver me from the body of this death?" is the wail of the soul trying to escape the ugliness of that which concerns him.

Yet the promise: "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me"—but how? And the human reasoning again finds this promise impossible of fulfillment.

"The Government shall be upon His shoulders." Not on the shoulders of the human mind, but upon the shoulders of Christ—upon the Father within. Not upon an imaginary power, but upon the Power of God made Flesh. Yes, "the government shall be upon His shoulders"

—the government of your life, when you once can recognize this, and stop trying to assume the power yourself.

A great sweep of joy and light covers you when you arrive at the place of acceptance, wherein you recognize that God is able and capable of running the universe without any human aid or assistance, and that the wisdom you are about to expound on the subject of the government of your life will be hedged in by the limitations of your findings from the appearances, which are faulty.

That which concerns *me* is much. It holds all the joys and self-expression, and the things I have sought from the beginning, and which I have found impossible of attainment.

The imperfect manifestations that you have brought out—half-hearted failures or successes—the things you passed over because you could not bring them into being—these are the things that concern you, and these are the very things which the Lord is going to perfect—is going to make perfect,

From *The Temple Not Made with Hands*, by Walter Lanyon, Kellaway-Ide Company, \$2.50.

whole and real. The government being upon His shoulders relieves you of any effort, struggle, suggestion, or taking thought, but it calls you to a strict sense of integrity and secrecy.

A man sitting at the linotype has an inspiration for a poem; he presses lightly the keys of the machine and his invisible and inaudible poem runs through an elaborate series of mechanisms and comes out in solid blocks of lead at the other end of the machine.

It is a practical application of the word or the unseen being made visible before your eyes. Yet the man only lightly touches the machine. The less effort he uses the more successful the results. If he pounds upon the machine he is very apt to have defective work or a broken machine, and so is it with man. If he beats upon the doors of Heaven in an effort to get them open it only posits the fact that they are shut tightly against him.

The line of poetry materializes—it takes on an embodiment by means of an automatic working of the machine. No man can see power, but he sees the manifestation of it. No man can trace the operation of prayer; he can only see the results which are sure and safe if with the effortless touch of assurance he knows definitely that "He will perfect that which concerneth me." A joyous sense of abandon—divine abandon, backed

up by a keen sense of integrity—overtakes man, and he rests—for he has done all.

"When ye pray, enter your closet and shut the door, and the Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Only what you can tell the Father can the Father or Power make manifest to you; only the keys you press on a linotype machine respond—no more, no less. Though there be quantities of them, the only response you get is from the ones you touch. Only what you can ask the Father for can you receive. You remember just what you could ask the human father for—you knew your limit and what you were reasonably sure of getting.

Only what you can conceive of as possible coming from the Invisible Power can take place in you. We all go to the Fountain, but you can take away only the measure of your recognition. Though a barrel of water is poured into your pint cup, only a pint remains, and though the flood tides of substance are pouring over you, you can take only that which you accept as possible.

Believest thou this? As if it were written in gigantic letters of flame against the black skies of materialism, these words call out to you as the only possible way of attainment. If you believe, you are told you shall be made whole, and a whole being would have no de-

fective or inadequate parts. Everything that concerned the *whole* man would be governed by the Automatic Power, and it would be perfected from glory to glory.

The Automatic Power, the way ye know not of, "neither slumbers nor sleeps," and the government is upon His shoulders. Think what a glorious recognition this brings to you—to know that instead of trying to live your life according to the human limitations, you have abandoned yourself to the divine *urge*. This is not a supine waiting for something good to happen to the John Smith sluggish way of letting go, but an alert *qui vive* state of mind which is relaxed for action.

The fact that you have miserably failed in the government of your life along human lines should make you willing to "come unto *Me*"—the Father within, which Jesus discovered within himself and which has a way ye know not of which explains in the only way it can be explained to the human mind how the supernatural happens.

No eye can follow the activity of the unseen power—"Who by seeking shall find *Me* out?" Not anyone can outline and fix the precise mode and manner in which the Power is going to perfect those things which concern him, but if he once arrives at this level of acceptance, he will find all that which concerns him will begin to move

into perfect alignment, and in a moment the manifestation takes place.

"Behold I come quickly." I am not measured by the human limitations of time and space. "I come quickly—and my reward is with me." The moment the key is touched the same letter forms itself into lead and drops into place—the reward is with the action. "In the twinkling of an eye" is pretty quick.

Do you begin to see how the recognition of this Power explodes the flimsy reasoning that has tried for so long to make the Automatic Power, which has a way that ye know not of, do Its bidding?

If the Lord is to perfect that which concerns you, He must do it in His own way and after His own design, and any "help" from you will merely be a hindrance. The thought which knows definitely that it is four months until the harvest can offer little assistance to the consciousness which says, "Look again; the fields are white."

What can the mind, the reasoning human mind, do with its slow planting, cultivating, reaping, and marketing of its grain with the command "Thrust in the sickle"? The impossibility of following this from the human reasoning standpoint is quite evident. It takes a clear, cool recognition of the fact that "I can of myself do nothing" is true, and that if that which con-

cerns me is to be perfected I will have to step out of the way and *let* it take place.

When you arrive at the place of extremity and have exploded the last human reason for doing a thing—then you are at the golden opportunity of God. If you have come to the end of your rope, so to speak, then the only thing that can happen is something which is beyond your human reasoning, since you have come to the end of that.

You cannot cast your anxieties on Him unless you have come to the conclusion that the human reasoning cannot do anything for you. As long as you feel there is a way of escape through reason, you will attempt it. But when you arrive at, and understand that “I have a way ye know not of” as being possible with you, then you will abandon yourself to this inner government. “The government shall be upon His shoulders.” What a glorious rest and surcease from the struggle of trying to make the government run smoothly.

“I will arise”—from the debris of human reasoning—“and *go* unto my Father.” I will arise and leave all the tangled mass of human theories and beliefs of limitations and enter into the straight and narrow way of recognition that “With God all things are possible,” and I shall not qualify that statement, but shall *stand* upon it and *see* the

salvation of the Lord. See the Lord in the midst of my confusion and chaos perfecting that which concerneth me — and my heart shall beat fast with the joy of the Lord.

“Make a glad song, for the Lord hath triumphed.” It is wonderful—the praise of the Power—the constant recognition of the Lord in the midst of you. “He careth for you.” What have you to worry about? He careth for you in the way and after the manner of His appointing. When once the coal of fire is placed on your lips and the human babbling has ceased, then *He* careth for you.

“He that hath a cheerful heart hath a continual feast.” How can you have a cheerful heart if the government of your life is based on the uncertain lines of the human reasoning?

The continual feast—the eating of My body and drinking of My blood, the partaking of the inspiration of life and the manifestation can be had only by the “cheerful heart,” and the heart cannot be cheerful if it is racked with a thousand and one uncertainties about the outcome of its life.

“Believest that I am able to do this unto you?” requires an answer so sure and certain that the government of a lifetime is shifted instantly on to the Automatic Power which immediately corrects the mistakes of the human reasoning.

Be still—be quiet—rest a moment in the consciousness of this transcending Power, and you will feel the whirl of the inner wings—the cosmic urge in the egg even now trying its wings—the quickening shaft of warmth of love which sets the thing in motion and causes it to come into being. Through the hard shell of the human reasoning enters the warmth of the God-Love, and the stirring of wings is felt and heard, while yet they are invisible.

So will the whirring of the new thing start into being within you and cause you to know that, deep in the secret place of the Most High, the Automatic Power is at work bringing to perfection those things that concern you. It is wonderful to contemplate this glorious leaven which, unseen and unheard, is changing the whole mass of meal into leaven. This very Presence is changing the whole base of your

life and making it more natural and easier to accept the Word of God as powerful and possible of attainment.

“He will perfect that which concerneth Me.” Do you hear?—you who read this line? No matter what that thing is, He, in a way you know not of, will perfect it, will bring into being, will make it manifest and give it an embodiment. No matter how hopeless and impossible it has seemed, “He will perfect that which concerneth me”—for “He careth for you”—not as the human father careth for you but in a manner and after a fashion that you formerly thought impossible.

There is a rest then, for the people of God—a rest from all the anxious thought and worry that hovers about the human reasoning.

“He will perfect that which concerneth me.”

Courage is fear that has said its prayers.—*Karle Wilson Baker.*

REALITY

A tranquil love and homely things;
A homespun task at which one sings;
The outdoors when it talks to you
And gives you life's far-sighted view;
The fellowship that brings release,
That makes one warm, secure, at peace;
The gaining of a soul's deep goal;
That strange God-lift which rounds the whole;
All this is my reality.

—*Ethel Davidson.*

¶ From a document of an ancient Order in France are taken these beautiful truths of the art of prayer.

The New Life

YOU HAVE taken a momentous step when you say you wish to find God, and to live the life of the Spirit. This means, though you may not know it, that you have come to the end of your world, that you are ready to live or die. It is well. The very angels rejoice.

Hear, Brother, this truth. The world as a place is that in which bodies live, enjoy, suffer, and die; as a condition, the world is that state of mind which is continually divided against itself, now full of discord or peace, vice or virtue, sorrow or joy, dislike or affection. This middle or mind world gives torment. It is this which, by the five senses, invisible cords of self-interest, binds the soul to itself and impels it to eat of the bitter husk of experience, rather than the sweet fruits of faith. Yet, at last, like a wayward child, the soul comes, through very weariness of the husk, to ask for fruit. Sick unto death of the varying moods or feelings of the self, or mental world, and because of misapprehension, seeing no significance or enjoyment of the material world, the Soul says at last: "*This*

existence is not life. I want more. Give me death, or give me life that is not mockery."

The Soul must be resurrected into the spiritual life and become at one with its source, consciously thinking, acting, and living the Love Life, whereas on the natural plane it lived the Self Life. The process of passing from the death of the self to the life of the Spirit is the resurrection, the Initiation into Eternal Life. It is because you have come to the renunciation of the mere "show of sense," oh, Brother, that you are as one who "was lost but is found", one who having awakened will not sleep again. Come through to the feast, to eat which is truly to live.

Life is not relative, but absolute. Life is of the Spirit, not flesh, hence as the Spirit only is alive, it is that which feels, knows, acts. The Spirit is the Sun, whereas the Flesh is Earth. As the sun warms the earth and makes possible its fruitfulness, so may the Spirit warm the earth-nature, or flesh, and make possible its usefulness.

There is one Light in the physical universe, namely, that which comes from the Sun. The light of

the moon and stars is but the showing forth of that One Light. That which glows in the fire or radiates from the flashing gem is from this one Light. So there is one Spiritual Light, but there are many channels of expression. The channels are various, but the cause is one. Take then the One Spirit itself, the boundless, illimitable; its intangible expression is vitality, its sensible expression is thought, its visible expression is body.

In Man, the intangible, the sensible, the visible, make what is called the relative, or differentiated expression of Spirit. Man, therefore, is one channel through which God reveals Himself, for something of the Immanent is in every expression.

To know the Infinite, study the finite, but know and remember, oh, Brother, that it takes all the parts to represent the perfect whole. "If," as the Master said, "ye cannot love your brother whom ye have seen, how can ye love God whom ye have not seen?" Begin here: love purely what you see in order that you may love that which you cannot see. Is love something that originates in the body? No. In the mind? No. Then in what but the Spirit does it have its origin?—the very essence of Deity, the light which animates both mind and body.

Mind and body must be chan-

nels through which Spirit—as Love—reveals itself.

Is it not true then that as life is the common inheritance, love is also the common privilege of all creatures?

Is not Creation with all its variety but the outshowing of the Infinity of the Creator? Study then every figure and every fraction of a figure. Study also every phase of the outer in order to get the perfect image of the inner. Study yourself. What are you? In the outmost, a creature, but in the inmost a God, because God is the One in the inmost, and is manifest in the outmost. It is God who lives—not the creature. It is God who knows, thinks, and acts,—not the creature.

Study your inmost and brightest as the epitome of God, and the outmost as the expression which may be true or may be perverted. The pure, unsullied, selfless love is of God. The tainted, passionate, selfish love is of God also, but polluted, obstructed, deflected, by the creature, its channel; both phases true, the one true of the Absolute, the other true of the Relative. Shall we not seek to remove the obstructions that the purity of the stream be assured?

God, the Absolute, is not person but personal—not person because not limited to parts, but personal because adjustable to all conditions of the personal or part.

You are at this point, Brother.

You have come longing for this richer, fuller life,—yea, for the real life and the true acquaintance with God. Take these words we have given you. Summarize them into short statements, that you may not only become familiar with the truth they represent, but that you may take every word and eat, assimilate, and digest it, thereby proving that Truth is the veritable Bread of Life.

Say these words as earnestly and faithfully as you would were you facing dissolution; say them many times and at stated intervals; say them alone: "God is the universal Life, Spirit, Substance, Wisdom, the universal and only Good, without form, yet filling all forms."

Can you conceive the change that will come? You will find yourself endowed with a new and blissful consciousness. You will have a sense of peace, a feeling of strength, and an overweening joy, a joy that you are not alone and single-handed, but that a great majestic something is back of you and with you, speaking yet voiceless, present yet not seen, guiding, protecting, inspiring, loving, counseling, uplifting, empowering, *according to your need and your willingness to accept.*

Would it not be a new life to enter this experience? You may vary or condense your statements as you begin to realize its significance. "God only." These two

words reduce the matter to the foundation stone. Imprint them upon your mind. "God only." Let them burn into your very soul, until life is lost in God.

Then when you are weak or timid or shriveled with anxiety, speak your words; speak them firmly, persistently, trustfully. Weakness, fear, anxiety, like dead leaves in a fire, will turn to ashes.

Can you be weak when Infinite Strength like an exhaustless fountain is springing up within you, filling your whole being with the subtle elixir of Living Truth?

Speak then the "God Only" with praiseful joy. Breathe it forth like a benediction upon the world: "God Only," the Omnipresent, God, the One, the Absolute, Goodness, Harmony, Beauty, Holiness, Peace! With what different eyes you will behold yourself and your relation to your world! With what compassion and tenderness you will think of your brother and your neighbor!

Yet, Brother, this beatific joy will in nowise take from you the obligation or desire to meet every condition with exactness and justice. Far from it! Have you a duty to perform? It will be performed faithfully, not with reluctance or protest, but as a privilege, as a spontaneous joy. Have you conditions to overcome, hard, depressing, painful? With cheerful heart—because "God Only"—with will-

ing hand, you will bravely do your best. Have you little time for meditation, or spiritual culture? You will carefully use every moment wisely, cheerfully, repining not, but conscientiously giving every tribute demanded by Caesar.

When you least expect it, conditions will change, and your opportunity appear before you like an open doorway, or some fair flower of your faithfulness will suddenly bloom in your pathway, making beautiful the places where your feet shall tread. And all this because you are willing to give a child's trustful obedience to every word that voices the truth of the Spirit. The old house built by Self is thus to be washed away, and the true foundation laid for the house of the Soul, the house built through the power of your God, which no storms can sweep away, nor floods destroy.

Looking forward always, looking backwards never, you will grow in the grace and wisdom of the Spirit that will make you calm in the midst of tumult, wise in the

midst of ignorance, and strong to be, to do, to become whatsoever you will.

These words that are Spirit and that are Life, remember. They are to be spoken early, when first the sun gleams over the horizon. Then, for the space of at least ten minutes, stand with lifted chest and praiseful eyes, drawing deep draughts of the fresh, sweet air, and repeat in slow intoning voice: "God Only, God Only, God Only! Thou in me, and I in Thee! Thou only and Evermore. Amen!"

Again at noon time, when the stress in physical life in nature is at a pause, in your mind repeat many times and often, even though your comrades may think you eat or drink or speak with them. Find the Secret Place, for it is even in the midst of all human conditions, but found only when your heart is still and your mind detached from outer things. And at night, before sleep comes, say again these words, until stealing upon your spirit comes the mantle of His Peace.

* * * *

It is precisely in periods of pain and crisis that men feel a hunger to communicate with each other, through the sharing of a communicable experience.

* * * *

Jazz and swing have practically disappeared off the air in the course of the war in England. They became simply unbearable. They evoked a world which no longer exists, and seems inexplicably tawdry. But hideous as life is in England, there never was such a hunger for the loftiest music; and Beethoven, Brahms, Elgar, Sibelius, Bach and Mozart are played continually.—*Dorothy Thompson.*

The Prayer Tower

FROM all over the country individuals and prayer groups are entering in to the Prayer Tower we described in the last number (July, 1942) of CLEAR HORIZONS. That, you recall, was the suggestion that a continuous stream of prayer be raised for the *preparation* of peace, for peace itself, and for the period after the war. Pray first that we learn the lessons and derive the discipline this war should bring to us; second, that a just and permanent peace be established; and third, that through the peace a new world be born after God's pattern. This can all be summed up in one wish: "Father, the entire world is yours."

In line with this is the Cape Cod Plan, which is described in the August, 1942, issue of the CHRISTIAN HERALD. We quote from that article as follows:

Can the war be won by tanks, planes, guns—or even trained men? Is God on our side? Have we any right to ask Him to be?

Every Christian must have asked himself these questions and many like them; we are all searching our hearts for the answer to: "What more can I, as a Christian American, do to help win the war?"

The Cape Cod Plan holds the answer.

What is the Cape Cod Plan? Seven words. To say, "Father, Thy will be done through me," three times a day. Every morning when you get up, at noon, and again at night when you go

to bed. Only seven words—but what words! "Father, Thy will be done through me." If every Christian said them, meant them, *lived* them, we could change the world!

At first glance, the Plan sounds too simple, perhaps, to be really effective. Can your personal dedication—saying this prayer—actually help to win the war? *Ah, but you are not to say it alone.*

Thousands are already praying this prayer. Protestants, Catholics, Jews, church members and non-church members with the love of God and country in their hearts. It is truly amazing how, sponsored only since Pearl Harbor, the Cape Cod Plan has spread. When you have the boards of selectmen of fifteen towns on Cape Cod praying, things happen! This prayer is being prayed also by the Harwich company of the Massachusetts State Guard; by school children; in churches; by busy merchants in their stores; by mothers at their dishpans. Voice by voice and prayer by prayer, the cry going up to God is becoming a tremendous shout.

"Father, Thy will be done through me!"

The leaders of Civilian Defense, not only on the Cape, but in the national office at Washington, feel that this dedication of not only our money and time but of ourselves can be a vital factor in winning the war.

"The best civilian defense is a spiritual offense," is the way Walter Dwyer, the Cape Cod real estate man who has sponsored this Plan, puts it.

If we will let Him direct us toward a great spiritual offensive, here is a way for the folks at home to help the boys at the front.

"A praying nation may become the battle-axe of the Lord."

Does this sound too idealistic? The Office of Civilian Defense in Washington doesn't think so. When the citizens

of the Cape Cod towns sent a resolution outlining the Plan to the national capital this reply came back:

"Your letter and resolution on the subject of Civilian Offensive demonstrate the deep spiritual and patriotic force present in the citizens of Cape Cod. This is truly beneficial to the welfare of our country. . . . I wish you every success in your undertaking. Signed, Burton E. Palmer."

That the Cape Cod Plan should have started where the Puritans first trod American sod is no accident, Walter Dwyer thinks. The settlers who landed on Plymouth Rock came here chiefly to worship God in their own way. One of the first things they did after building a shelter for their wives and children was to build a meetinghouse, God's home.

As Reverend George Weisenborn, pastor of Holy Trinity Church at West Harwich, recently told these new Pilgrims assembled in the Brewster Town Hall, "We are on a spiritual offensive with the weapon of prayer."

The first mass meeting for Civilian Offense was held on January 19, 1942, only a few weeks after Pearl Harbor, at West Dennis, Mass. The meeting, like the town meetings that governed the Pilgrims of old, was called by the selectmen of the town to discuss a matter vital to the welfare of all the citizens. All creeds were represented among the speakers for the Plan—a Catholic priest, Baptist and Congregational ministers, a young Jewish rabbi,

who had escaped from Hitler's fury to the freedom of Cape Cod and thanked God for it. They were all there, all faiths, pulling together, for the first time.

Every citizen present at this first meeting promised not only to pray three times daily that God's will be done through him, but also to get seven others to do likewise.

The results were breath-taking. The snowball of public interest began to roll up in an extraordinary way.

Today ministers all over the country are using the Cape Cod prayer in their churches. The idea has spread like a brooding spirit, instead of poison gas.

Is there any reason why every church in every state should not so dedicate itself to God and Country?

Will you get at least seven other people to pray these seven words of power too? If you wish to go on record for the Cape Cod Plan send your name in to CHRISTIAN HERALD, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, New York. Get your pastor to sign his name too, so that you may co-operate in working out the Plan in your church and in your community. There are no dues, no organization; all you do is to *pray*. And get others to pray too.

"Unless the spiritual morale of our people is maintained, we cannot hope for a real victory," says Reverend Isaac Higgenbotham. "Without that spiritual morale, even military victory would be in vain."

* * * *

Personal experience and the study of history have both taught me to believe in a pattern. And in spite of all that has befallen the world, I still believe that the threads of it, ourselves, are held securely in the scheme of things by some great unconquerable spiritual power. Call it what you will—destiny, fate, the first cause, the life stream, God—it does not lose hold of a single thread. In wanton wickedness we may tangle the pattern into what looks like hopeless confusion, but in unwearied patience that power unravels the tangle, reforms the pattern, keeps it moving along to some great goal of order whose nature we cannot even guess at yet. If the threads are not lost, there can be no lasting chaos.—Elizabeth Goudge, *The Castle on the Hill*.

□ A call to enlist in God's army.

I've Enlisted for the Duration

Starr Daily

WELL, I've done it. Yes, I've enlisted. For the duration of my natural life. After that I don't know what will be required. I'll miss my buddies. So I hope you'll all enlist too. I'm not much of a service man. But my Commander-in-Chief let me by, mostly because my intentions were good. I guess He figures that some sound training and a little discipline will get me into condition in time. He was very generous with me, allowing me to choose my own branch of the service. And He gave me lots of time to think it over.

I just took the war for example. And I asked myself, "Who will win this war?" The answer was, "The side with the strongest air force, providing this air force has an efficient ground crew." Now that was a thought. The biggest air force in the world could not win if it had a poor ground crew.

That gave me my decision. The greatest air power in the world is Christ, my Commander-in-Chief. But though He canopy the whole earth with His Balloons of Spirit, it will avail little unless His ground crew be well trained, disciplined, and efficient. So I've en-

listed for the duration of natural life, in the ground crew of the Great Commander. I'm now in training for Him, that His Right will ultimately win over Might.

At first I found the discipline a little hard. I had long been conditioned to loose and ugly habits of thought and feeling. These wanted me to go on as usual, and they complained loudly at the new order involved in my enlistment. Getting used to the morning prayer time, the noontime pause, and the evening meditation was rather difficult. Nor was it easy to adjust myself to a less sluggish diet. To salute the Christ in others with the Christ in me took a lot of stamina and a lot of failure. To love those at a distance who didn't want me at close range threw me into many an emotional conflict. And to expose Christ to others as a shock absorber before I would let Him absorb my own shocks—this was a test indeed.

In Him was my remission of sins. But I had not considered the enormous power of will that must be brought to bear on a person who decides to give his negative energy of sin a new mission. I wanted at least to clutch unto my-

self a few old favorites, such as worry and fear and doubt and ill-will toward a special enemy or two. Then, too, it had long been a morbid enjoyment to regret, to judge, and to condemn—to live in the past and avoid the responsibility of making future hopes come true. Mentally and morally I was frightfully unprepared. How He ever accepted me I don't know. I only know that if He can fashion me into an efficient unit in His

ground crew, then there is hope for any person on earth.

It had to be a right-about-face. I turned most awkwardly at first. By and by I hope to be so well trained and disciplined that I can be trusted with the Great Commandments, love for my brother and for God. In the meantime I'm in that training. Still in the rough. But I've enlisted for the duration of my natural life. I know already that He'll see me through.

* * * *

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent.—*Cato*.

* * * *

Real self-control is the subjugation of selfishness in whatever form it may exist and its entire subordination to spiritual and natural law. Real self-control is not self-centered.

In so far as we become established in this true self-control we are upheld by law and guided by the power behind it to the perfect freedom and joy of a useful life.—*Annie P. Call*.

* * * *

Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet with the busy-body, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him who does wrong, that it is akin to me, not only of the same blood or seed, but that it participates in the same intelligence and the same portion of the divinity, I can neither be injured by any of them, for no one can fix on me what is ugly, nor can I be angry with my kinsman, nor hate him. For we are made for cooperation, like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. To act against one another then is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another to be vexed and to turn away.—*Marcus Aurelius*.

¶ An editor's response to the President's request for a day of prayer.

A Prayer for 1942

David Lawrence

WE want help as we have never wanted it before.

The whole world is at war.

Men are organized in huge armies and navies. Materials from mother earth are being extracted in tons upon tons to be forged into weapons of death and destruction. Within us is the urge to build more and more weapons until we shall be able to force other human beings into submission.

We tell ourselves that we do not seek the destruction of races or nations or peoples as such.

But is aggression a phenomenon manifested only by those so-called leaders whose ambition and evil spirit prompt them to mobilize their followers in a deadly march against the rest of us?

Or is aggression a thing of the individual—a reaching for the possessions of others by means fair or foul? Is aggression a thing of human frailty imbedded in all of us, cropping out in the passion of our greed or in the zest of our overwhelming ambition?

Help will come when we pray to Almighty God for help. Maybe the first help we can expect will come when we begin to help our-

selves—to help subdue the maelstrom of human currents and cross currents that drive millions of us into conflict every day, not necessarily in the wars of organized murder but in the gruelling conflicts of everyday life.

Maybe help will come when we begin to purge ourselves of the sins of aggression that have made us selfishly blind and indifferent to the pleas of others. Maybe we in positions of high office have been arrogant. Maybe we of the majority have been intolerant of the minority.

Prayer is not just to receive help to aid us to become victorious over others. *Prayer is needed to make us victorious first over ourselves.* We cannot pray conscientiously unless we recognize that in humbleness and in the simplicity of a contrite heart the origins of true prayer are conceived. Words by themselves are not prayers. Words that speak euphoniously in the monotones of mass expression are not prayers. *Prayers are the thoughts that issue from a heart that knows its sin and begs forgiveness.* Such a heart cannot be humble unless it

has admitted the power of Almighty God, unless it has surrendered the ego that is within and offered itself to Him who mystically moves the great intangible forces that affect our destiny every moment of the day and night.

We need a new faith in the oldest of human philosophies—*we need a spiritual renaissance in the world*. Man has fashioned weapons and instruments that defy almost all the elements. Man has turned from the science of constructive skill to the science of destructive force. Let us pray to Almighty God to raise us from this level of material conflict to something different — something higher, something more purposeful.

Let us pray for a strengthening of our sense of reason. We must contrive to reach the hearts of our fellow men irrespective of race, creed or color. There are Japanese who feel as we Americans do. There are Germans and Italians who know the utter waste and futility of diabolical war even as do the people of the British Empire.

We may pray then for help from Almighty God to give us the means of communication so that across the no-man's-land of human distress, understanding hearts will speak to understanding hearts, so that the unselfish spirit of human brotherhood which has been taught us through the centuries as the

only ideal which makes any sense may produce a moral force greater than battleships and planes, tanks and guns. But such a force cannot be mobilized unless every one of us in our contacts with other human beings from day to day learns the lesson of sacrifice and selflessness. It is written in the book of tomorrow that some of our sons will pass onward with the supreme offering of life to a great cause.

Almighty God, give us understanding so that we may begin to live in accordance with Thy wishes—so that we may begin to mobilize our nation and all other nations in the greatest spiritual crusade of all times.

We shall, to be sure, promise and we may perhaps falter. We shall pledge our faith but we may sin. We shall stumble but we will move on toward that triumph of soul which the human race seeks under Thy guidance—the victory over pride and ego, the victory over greed and intolerance.

We know that in war itself there can be no victory. Only in the peace that comes from forgiveness and understanding — forgiveness for those who trespass against us—is there victory. Almighty God, grant us the strength and the reason to enlist in Thy cause—the cause of honesty, of unselfishness, of purity and of love—on earth as it is in Heaven.

☞ A widow founds a business according to God's guidance.

A God-Guided Business

Mary B. Merritt

ABOUT fourteen years ago I was faced with the problem of supporting and educating my two little children. I realized that my children needed me at home, yet I needed to provide money for them. I had no business training, and I was a frail and timid person. I had faith, however, in the fact that "all things are possible to God," and I prayed as I had never prayed before. I asked God to open up something by which I might stay at home with my children, and still make a living for them. While I was meditating and rejoicing in the realization that "the eternal God is thy refuge—and underneath are the everlasting arms," the words came to me—"What hast thou in thy house?"

It came to me that I had a little beaten biscuit machine that my sister had sent me from Tennessee, and which I had never uncased. I got it out that day, and cleaned it so that I might experiment with it. And the next day my sister from Nashville sent me a recipe for Beaten Biscuit!

I began trying to make Beaten Biscuit, and after several failures I finally made some which I thought would do to take to one

of our local stores. I had to bake them on an oil stove, and the bottoms had to be scraped because they were smoked!

I started with no capital, (in fact I was rather deeply in debt); I had nothing except a deep-seated faith in God.

From the first there was a friendly response to my efforts. I had no car and had to make the Biscuit, package them, and then deliver them myself to the stores by street car.

I found that my physical strength was increasing and that I could do without harm to myself whatever was necessary.

Then we began to lift the business out of drudgery into the realm of artistic achievement, through putting joy and love and gratitude into our work. When I was ready for it, new and better equipment unfolded, and the workers who could fall into the rhythm of God's business came to me.

We had a card hanging in the kitchen which read:

"This is God's business.

God is our Father.

We are working for Him.

He pays us according to our honest efforts."

Then, during the depression, I added this line:

“God’s business always expresses right activity.”

When big companies were going under, our little business expanded.

Sending out our Biscuit with a desire to serve, and feeling love for and appreciation of our customers, widened our circle of response. We began to see more and more that supply is spiritual and to prove the truth of Paul’s words, when he said, “Faith is the substance of things hoped for—the evidence of things not seen.” My prayer has been that I might be a faithful servant. We have

tried to apply the Golden Rule in our dealings with each other. We start each day with prayer for God’s direction. Consequently we have never had any labor troubles.

The future, from a material standpoint, is uncertain for all business. But I do not have to worry about the Father’s business. He led me into this activity and will either lead me out at the proper time, or enable me to continue. I could write a book about the many manifestations of God’s Love, and His availability. But my business life can be summed up into the one sentence: “Acknowledge Him in all thy ways and He will direct thy path.”

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CLEAR HORIZONS

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LAUGHTER

An Englishman who was a great Greek student was visiting the United States. On his travels he was asked to translate a college motto into Greek. He consented, and asked what the motto was. A printed form was handed him on which he read: "Pep without purpose is piffle!"

Waiter: "Zoup, sir? Zoup? Zoup?"

Guest: "I don't know what you're talking about."

Waiter: "You know what hash is? Well, zoup is looser."

—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

The young son of a California minister was riding down to the city with his mother. As they slowed up more and more frequently for pedestrians and heavy traffic, he asked her:

"Mother, where are all the blooming idiots?"

"What do you mean, Johnny?"

"Why, when dad drives we meet all of them."

A woman meeting a friend in town said to her, "My dear, where have you been? I haven't seen you in ages." The friend replied, "Oh, I have been *so-o-o* busy. I've had all my teeth taken out, and a gas stove put in."

There was a young preacher named Tweedle
Who refused to take his degree,
Said he, "It's bad enough being a Tweedle
Without being a Tweedle D. D."

A little girl had four teeth pulled. When asked, "Which ones?" she replied, "Two from the treble and two from the bass."

Small girl: "Mother, when I grow up will I have a husband like papa?"

Mother: "Yes, dear."

Small girl: "And if I don't marry will I be an old maid like Aunt Susan?"

Mother: "Yes, dear."

Small girl: "Well, I *am* in a fix!"

A woman said to a friend, "Whenever I am in the dumps I get a new hat." The friend replied, "I always wondered where you got them."

A father was showing the art gallery to his small daughter. Pausing before a statue of the Venus de Milo, he told her: "See what will happen to you if you don't stop biting your finger nails!"

WHAT OUR READERS TELL US

Each issue of CLEAR HORIZONS seems to be better than the last.

GLADYS HILLARD, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

CLEAR HORIZONS is *more than a publication*, it is a treasury storehouse of antiseptic comfort. I enjoy it, *love to lend it*, but eager for its return.

ROBERTA HODGSON, San Diego, Calif.

Please make my new subscription start with the January number. I have loaned mine, and it is so full of glorious articles which I wish to keep.

LOUISE HOMER, Bolton, New York.

CLEAR HORIZONS is one of the finest magazines which has come to our reading table. We have rather a limited budget and thought some friends would be glad to have it sent to us.

CHARLES R. ELLIOTT, CPS, Camp No. 17, Manistee, Mich.

CLEAR HORIZONS I feel will help the spiritual life of our people in a very special way.

MRS. R. F. HARRELL, Mississippi City, Miss.

A big "Thank you" for the inspiration of "The biggest little magazine" I know!

MRS. LEMUEL KILBY, Los Angeles, Calif.

CLEAR HORIZONS is a great magazine; I have read and re-read it already, many times. This magazine is the greatest need of the day. It is full of spiritual truths that contain a message to each of us, no matter how deep our spiritual life may be.

MRS. G. W. SALE, Beverly Hills, Cal.

I enclose subscription blank for renewal of my subscription for another three years. CLEAR HORIZONS is a permanent institution in our home and I have passed on the good word to others.

LAWRENCE H. SMITH, House Office Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Indeed I do need CLEAR HORIZONS so am renewing for three years—thanks for the help and inspiration.

MILDRED SPURBECK, Proctor, Minn.

May I take this occasion to express my gratitude for that splendid magazine, CLEAR HORIZONS. I keep it on my table where many friends see and read it. One, a nurse, took copies to the hospital where others enjoyed it, and some subscribed for it. It definitely helped several to find their way back to God and to service for Him through His church.

MRS. ALLEN STEWART, North Little Rock, Ark.

We are planning on using CLEAR HORIZONS in a Spiritual Life Group, now functioning in our church, as common reading material for the group, that we may have a common basis of thought and discussion at our meetings every two weeks.

THE REVEREND C. E. WHITTIER, Helena, Mont.

I wish I could convey to you in words what each copy of CLEAR HORIZONS has meant to me, but I cannot, I suppose because deep gratitude belongs to the Spirit, and *that* is almost beyond expressing. But it is one of the things which draw me more and more closely to Him "in whom we live, and move and have our being." I needed just such human help—that of others' experiences and viewpoints to help me make my own contacts.

EMILY MEISELBAR, Beloit, Wis.